THE NAUTILUS.

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THE NAUTILUS.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, WILLIAM E. TOWNE } Editors

Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Florence Morse Kingsley
Grace MacGowan Cooke
Henry Wood
Prof. Edgar L. Larkin
Frederick Rosslyn
Floyd B. Wilson
Eleanor Kirk
Margaret Messenger
Wallace D. Wattles
O Hashnu Hara
Ella Adelia Fletcher
Riley M. Fletcher Berry

These Are NAUTILUS Contributors for 1905-6 Others Coming!

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Peas growing in Lava and Granite Dust, Twin Falls, Idaho.
(See Prof. Larkin's Article, Page 9.)

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

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Looking Out for Number One.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

One cannot do his best for the world unless he "looks out for No. 1;" unless, as in the case of Jesus, he has lots of friends willing to look out for him.

Jesus' friends held their goods in common and the community looked out for each. This left Jesus free to go about teaching. The time is coming when society will as a whole look out for the material needs of each member, thus leaving each free to follow his high desires to benefit the world.

This arrangement will free the inventor to invent, the singer to sing, the teacher to teach, etc., and it will free us *all* to travel and visit to our heart's content, and to learn a new line of work when we tire of the old, without fear of starving to death while we do it.

We are *growing* into some such state of society as is ascribed to the inhabitants of Jupiter, in that "Weird and Wonderful Story of Another World," which has been running in *Physical Culture* (Spotswood, N. J.); where there is no money, everybody has plenty, lives simply and spends his time visiting and snooping around to see if he can't find something to do for somebody, just for the fun of doing it; and where the only payment for anything is honor, thanks and congratulation, and the biggest and happiest man is the one who can invent something that everybody will accept.

Do you think that an extravagant dream? I don't. I have had tastes enough of the joy that comes from doing things for people, to know that that feeling is worth *more* than all the money in the world. *You* have tasted that joy, too, if you will just stop to think.

Only recently I had a little reminder of this truth, that the *great* reward for anything is the soul satisfaction you get out of it. And by the way, when you once get down through the conventions and fears of your life to the *heart*, where you feel this satisfaction that comes from the knowledge of doing useful things very well indeed, you will never again need money or compulsion as incentive to good work.

The little reminder I refer to happened in connection with our visit to the Roycroft shop. In the office there I noticed that the envelopes were not kept with the orders, as in our office. "Do you have any trouble with incomplete addresses?" I asked Mr. Norvell. "Oh, yes," he replied, "only this morning we had a letter, signed, but with no address, and we hunted for two hours to find where that letter came from. Looked all through our cards and pawed over all the envelopes in the waste baskets, and finally had to give it up." "You can save yourself nearly every bit of that trouble," I said, "by keeping each envelope with its letter until the label has

been addressed. People who have printed envelopes, and a good many who haven't, are very apt to be careless about writing out their full addresses. So many people leave off the state if nothing else. In nearly every case the postmark on the envelope will give you the clue you need, even if there is no printed address on the envelope. Try keeping your envelopes as we do, and see if it doesn't pay." "I certainly will," he answered, "I know it will save a lot of work, delay and inconvenience."

Now that was such a small idea, but I know from experience that it is a *great* help; and every time I think of that splendid Roycroft shop or any of the *many* good things I learned that will help *me,* I remember the *one* little help I gave them; and the joy of that little giving of help outbalanced *all* the rest. Several times, when I have been feeling that soul-satisfaction at having helped somebody else, my mind has flitted to that "Weird Story," and the conviction has deepened within me that the no-money, work-for-the-joy-of-it ideal is *no dream,* but a great *reality,* which you and I are helping to bring into the world's everyday life—helping by every *good* piece of work we do *with joy.*

Yes, the world is learning to work for *joy,* not money; to work from its soul-urge, not from outward compulsion.

And don't you see, this soul-joy comes with *helping* the world? And when we get a taste of it we shall be *eager* to do our work, run our railroads, Standard Oils, municipalities and governments, for the good of *everybody.* There is *joy,* JOY in it—joy that all the Standard Oil millions can't buy! The joy that is Life, Wisdom, Power, to the individual.

Oh, there are signs of it! The government and municipal house-cleanings; the trust prosecutions; the pure food and railroad bills; municipal ownership; St. Ben Lindsey sending fathers to jail for neglecting the children, and sending the children to school; Sophie Wright educating New Orleans; Jane Addams in Chicago; Nathan Straus feeding New York babies clean milk and reducing infant mortality forty-one per cent or so a year; kindergartens and day nurseries; village improvement movements; Home Weeks; the school city and manual training in schools; giving slum children summer outings; publishing new thought in the daily and weekly press as well as in monthly special journals; new thought clubs and Christian Science classes springing up everywhere; preachers preaching new thought in the churches and not knowing it; everybody taking an interest in everybody else; employers sharing profits with employes and banqueting them at Christmas time; Uncle Sam standing for an 8-hour working day and good working conditions and fair play all round; Roycroft shops; railroad and other Y. M. C. A.'s; making jails over into educational institutions; summer and night schools; making public opinion and laws against child labor; appointing attendance officers in all the cities; building boys' clubs; correspondence schools; Booker Washington teaching the negroes to be useful and save money and buy their chickens; inventing things to make living more convenient; saving Niagara Falls and Mt. Tom for the people; growing spineless cacti; regulating football; handing out libraries and colleges; editing *Dumb Animals;* teaching ethics to salesmen; making two railroads grow where one grew before. But the list is getting too long and we are only just beginning.

In the meantime, while we are growing the ideal social condition in which the needs of each are supplied by the whole, each one of us must to a great extent take care of himself. Each must look out for number one, *that he may be in best trim to help number two.* For a poverty stricken, frowzy reformer, or an overworked drudge is in no condition,

outwardly or inwardly for helping other people. At present society demands that each man make himself presentable *first*, before he tries to improve the looks of other people; that he make his own house beautiful and artistic before he tinkers other people's homes; that he keep himself strong and well before he lectures others; in short, society demands that he *do* something himself before he preaches to other folks. For if a man neglects himself where shall he find strength, time, money, ideas wherewithal to help others?

They say Sophie Wright, in her zeal for her work, is bringing herself to a premature grave. If she cuts off her own life what will become of her great work? Others *may* carry it on—for money, not love. A little intelligent conservation of energy and money would save her and her love to bless many thousands more who need her.

Let us *begin* our charities at home, but don't let us stay there.

Let us take good care of number one, that he be strong, wise, willing, opulent in the service of No. 2 and 3.

Peace and Good Will on Earth.

National Irrigation Congress at Boise, Idaho, Sep. 3-8, 1906. Fourteenth Session.

By Prof. Edgar L. Larkin.

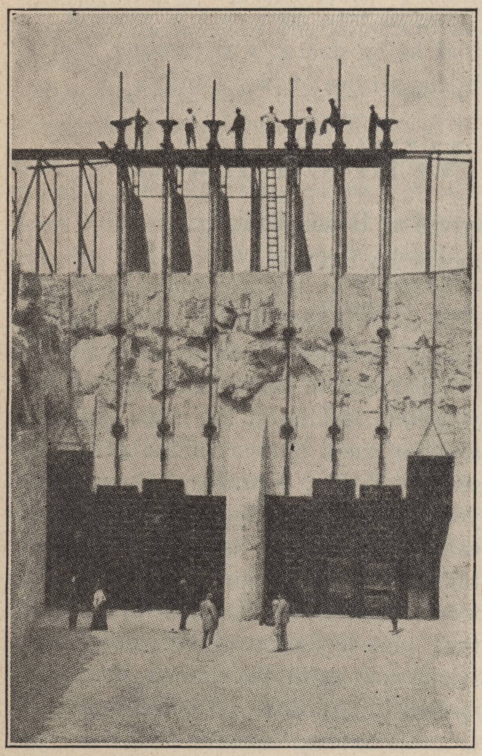
A great congress in which the word war was not heard. How good it all seemed. Thirty states of our own dear country were represented by men having one blessed object in view, to make our world beautiful, productive and the people prosperous and happy. I like to attend these congresses, and listen to the eloquent ideas, to the explanations of plans and methods of Empire Building. I wish I could become well acquainted with my dear good friends the *Nautilus* people. In all my writing for magazines, I have not written for one whose readers and contributors seem nearer. So come along with me. I know you want to see our great, magnificent and splendid west.

And now, may some esoteric power bring wondrous words on the wings of night—words the most intensely descriptive and impressive in our language; for I will need every one. See what I am attempting!—to describe the West! The reader must know that I am writing this on a mountain that rises out of Paradise, the Paradise of Southern California. The time is near midnight, of a simply wonderful autumnal day, an October day, a California day. I have just been looking at the rings of Saturn and its moon system in the great telescope. Really, *Nautilus* folk, wouldn't you like to be here? For human speech cannot picture the mystery of a mountain night. Nor imagination. And then words cannot describe that mystery, the first almost imperceptible and unconscious change in the air; the first word spoken by Autumn. Nature does speak to those having "ears to hear," for one who loves, can detect autumnal glory from afar.

Away to the Water Congress.

Mounting the chariot car, the descent of the great inclined railway down the mountain was soon made. And then a mile per minute in some places, I was fired through orange, lemon, fig, peach, pear and plum trees to Los Angeles in an electric car. The fruit looked like streaks of gold in deep green. Then in the Southern Pacific Railway to stricken San Francisco. It is rising, but square

miles of gnarled and twisted steel, jungles of tangled wires and powdered brick and marble still remain. Then away to the north. Oh! Supernal white; oh! glorious light; oh! depths of blue. Snow in a summer sky as blue as indigo. It was the colossal peak of Mount Shasta, thirty miles away. For two hours the rapid train wound here and there around the gigantic base. Every side, every crag,



Immense Gates—Water out. At the top large screws are shown. These raise and lower the gates below.

every turret, peak and dome came into view. Twice superb views of the crater, half filled with snow were had, for floods of solar light poured over the stupendous rim, whose torn and serrated edges rise to an altitude of 14,444 feet above the sea. Next the brain and mind overpowering forests of Oregon, the lovely Willamette river and the Athens of the Northwest—Portland. This is because our Elizabeth Towne was born there. Then she went up to Holyoke, and started a new movement in the history of mankind. I wish the contributors to *Nautilus* would work ten times harder, and make the *Nautilus* one of the great standard magazines of the world. They can do it; not "watch it grow," but make it grow.

The Commercial Club met us at the station—we were numerous—and took us to every point of interest in one of the most beautiful cities in the world, Portland.

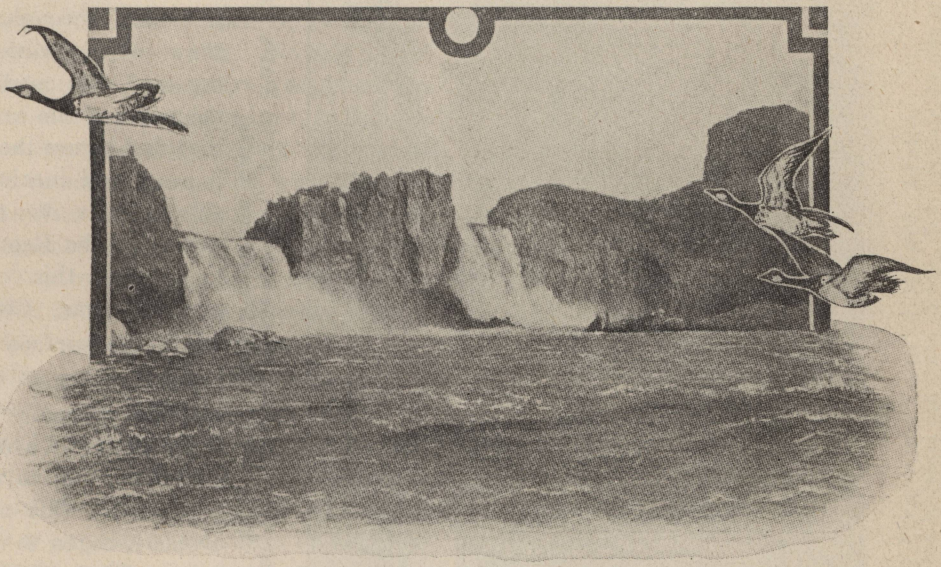
The Columbia River and Oregon Forests.

Lumber enough to pay the national debt several times. The scenic splendors of nature are on display from Portland to Boise. From the Portland heights the mighty snow capped peaks, Mounts Hood and Ranier, are visible. The O. R. and N. trains speed along the south bank of the Columbia and plunge deeper and deeper into the primordial wilderness as they leave that wondrous stream, turning toward the southeast. The billions of stately trees seem to be interminable. "Deep tangled wildwood" indeed. Fires raged for miles; and millions vanished in smoke. Careless campers? Yes; and criminal hunters. One of the most disastrous fires in the Northwest was caused by an ignited gun wad, sent by a fiendish bird murderer. My! but brutal hunters received a lashing from the United States Government Forest Reserve agents. These merciless bird killers tear sweet beautiful birds to pieces with their deadly shotguns for the sole purpose of seeing blood run, and living things die. Human contempt, withering scorn and derision, shame and entreaty alike are impotent to reach the reason or mercy of a bird murderer.

The Great Congress.

There were 1,125 on the register of names. Governors, U. S. Senators, Con-

gressmen, U. S. Reclamation Service officials, U. S. Forestry officials, judges, lawyers, and state officials; together with civil, hydraulic and electrical engineers, scientific men and literary, were there galore. Vice-President Fairbanks gave us two speeches, and President Roosevelt sent a messenger, Mr. Pinchott, from Washington with a special message. History has nothing to compare with this communication. Thus the ruler of a mighty nation, in a message to the people did not use the words



Twin Falls, Idaho.
Height 287 feet in Snake River.

war, killing, fighting or murder. The letter was entirely on water, water distribution and on trees. Think of trees attracting the attention of the greatest ruler on earth! Can it be possible that one ray of light, the light from the rising sun of peace is shining through the gloom of senseless war?

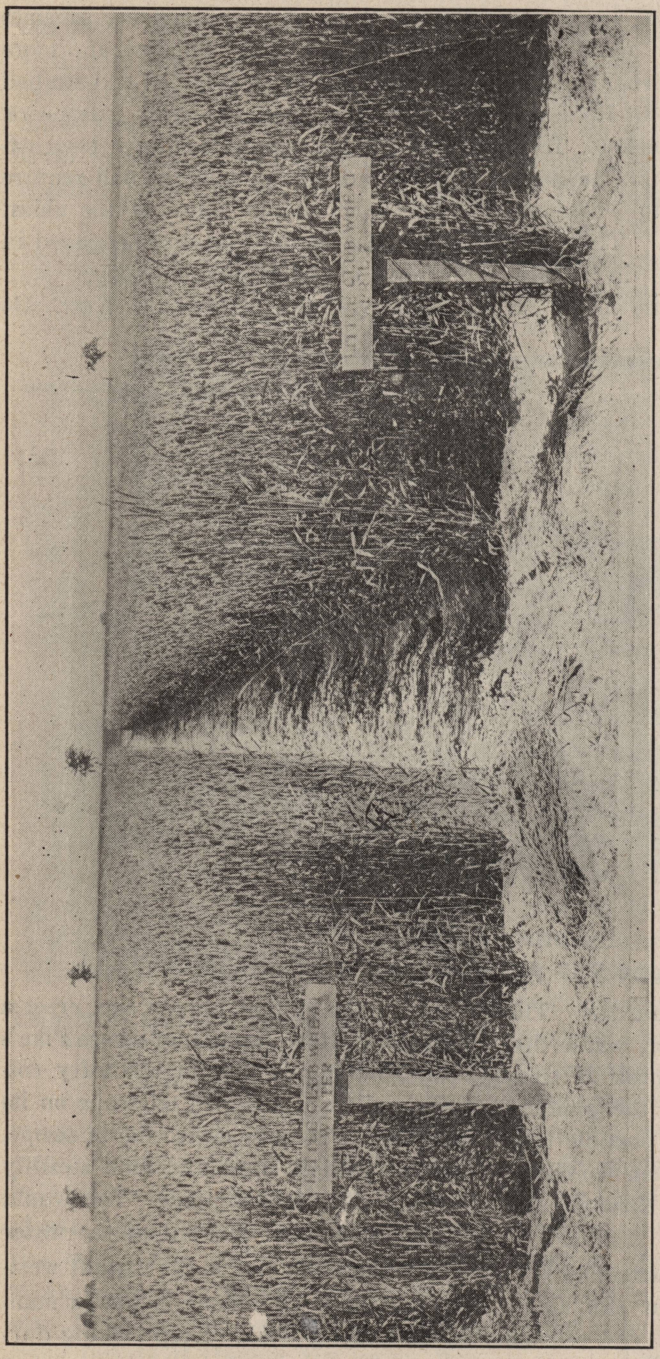
HAVE YOU HEARD OF IRRIGATION?

Everybody makes a great ado about the Panama canal, and that vast scheme of engineering is talked of throughout the world; but a greater is rising in our gigantic West. Problems that tax the

away back to Archæan times, and on her engineering genius of man are now being solved everywhere west of the Rockies. Twenty-three of these immense schemes are finished, or nearly finished, and more than these are being planned and studied out by the most eminent engineers. Forty-one million dollars have been expended; and the new works will require $400,000,000 more. Some of the ablest men in the United States are engaged in the work of the empire building.

Let us get some idea of the West. Go culean rocks of that remote age, erect a high tower, 100 miles east of where Pike's Peak now stands, ascend the lofty column, and fix a powerful telescope on its capstone. Put your eye to the telescope, pointed straight west and look steadily for, say, 500,000,000 years. You would finally see a stone rise out of the water of the Palæozoic sea, in the distant western horizon. This stone is now a summit in Central Utah. Keep looking during another hundred million years, and see all Utah, Colorado, Arizona, Nevada and California rise from beneath the

waves. Vast mountain ranges, the Rocky, Wasatch and the Sierras would loom up, each with colossal spurs jutting out to the east and west at right angles to the general north and south trend.



Two kinds of Wheat Growing in primeval soil, Twin Falls Tract, Idaho. Five miles from Shoshone Falls.

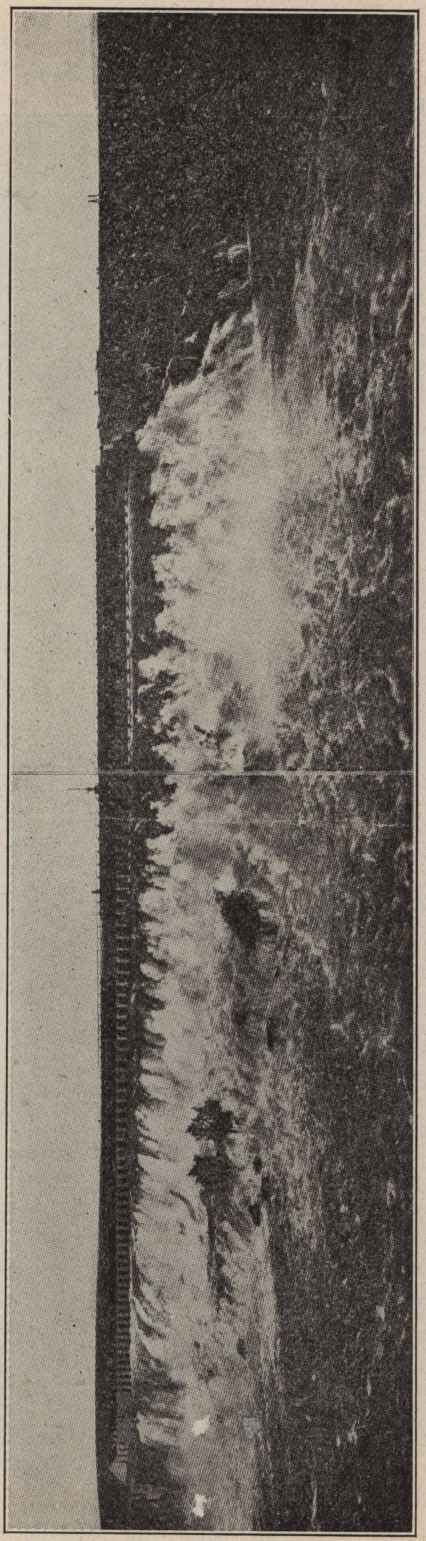
WONDERFUL VALLEYS OF THE WEST.

The lonely observer on the tower could not fail to notice vast flat areas hedged in by great mountain chains. These are the most wonderful vales in the world, and are destined to play a very important part in our national drama. The valleys of Colorado, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho and California, in short throughout the entire western regions, will modify the races of the earth that find homes therein; and add incalculable sums to the wealth of the Republic. When this vast expanse was lifted above the surface of the ancient sea, it was entirely naked. At once, winds of a new character, due to the presence of this new obstacle, began to circulate. They attacked the peaks. Rain, snow, frost, ice, hail at once made attacks on every summit. The granites and porphyries were worn into fine dust, coarser sand and gravel. These slid down into the valleys and spread over their floors. Then a new mountain destroyer appeared, dry sand in the valleys. Winds caught up tons of sand and hurled them against facades, crags and domes. They wore

away rapidly and soil increased in depth in every vale. In a few hundred million years, a thing utterly beyond the mind of man to think about came—Life. Vegetation appeared, lived, died and added organic remains to the layers in the valleys. Then animals came and deposited their debris in the ever deepening soil. Giant forests laid down their remains also. Thus in a billion years, nature made things ready for man. He came, explored the valleys, looked with longing eyes on the glorious wealth of soil, as rich as the Delta of the Ganges, Nile and Mississippi. But his heart sank. No water. Now it is the set intention of the entire west to convey the blessed, sparkling, running, life-giving water to every vale, let the cost be what it may. How I do wish that the "*Nautilus* set" could see one of these "reclaimed valleys." For how would you like to ride on rapid cars through sinister and forbidding deserts, burning, glaring wastes, cacti-bearing areas and glowing banks and flats of sand; or through appalling rock-hewn canyons where by looking up you see titanic rocks piercing cerulean blue, and where the roar of the train in between resounding walls is oppressive and then, dashing out of sandy and rocky gloom, rush into a semi-tropic paradise? For sweetly blooming valleys clad in ever-living green nestle amid beetling peaks and frowning walls of granite. The Southern Pacific Railroad taps more of these lovely valleys than any other railway in the world. The road is burdened with ingoing merchandise, and outgoing grains and fruit.

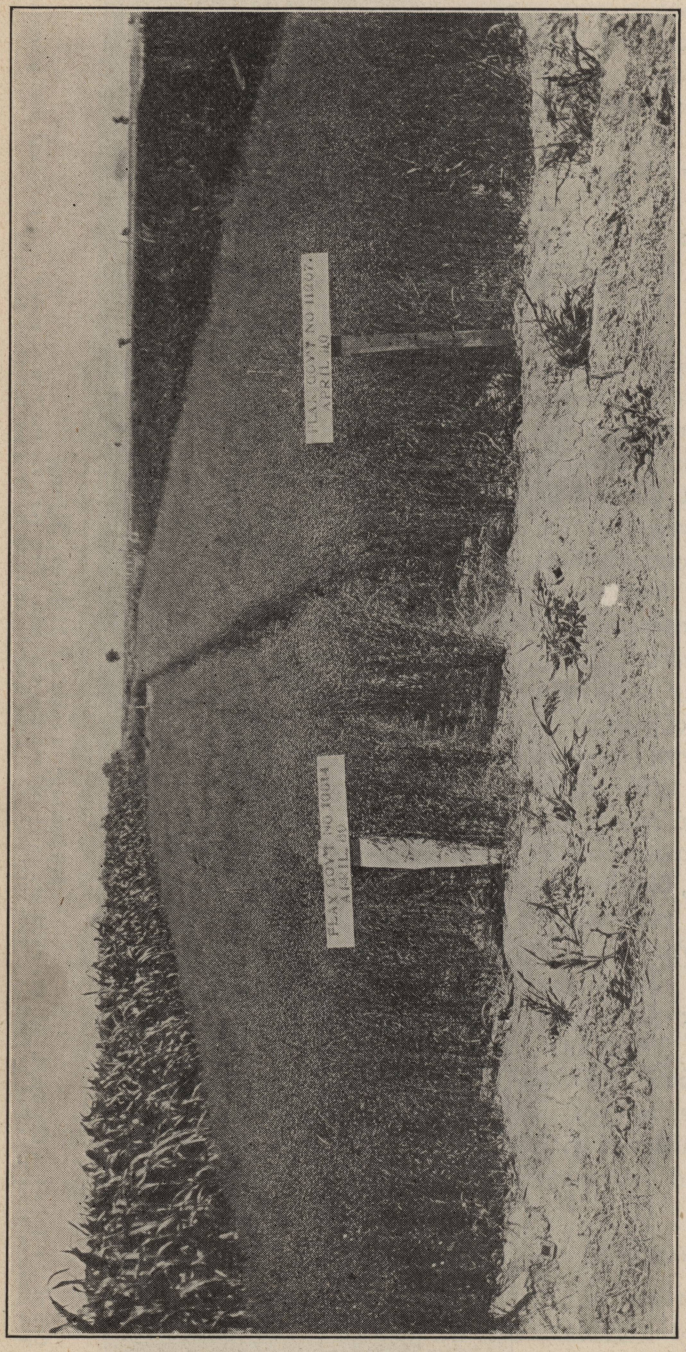
Philosophy of Irrigation.

At times a mountain stream rushes across a valley, but during the millions of years it has been flowing it has cut a channel far below the surface. A high dam is thrown across the river at low



Irrigation Dam at Milner, Idaho.
One of the largest in the world. All the gates can be opened and closed at will. They regulate the flow of water over the land with precision. The massive gates are lifted by electric motors supplied with "home made" electricity by dynamos turned by the falls.

water. Curious head gates that can be raised and lowered are placed in the barrier. The rate of flow is always under control. Hundreds of side canals are dug, running in every direction. Little sluiceways are also dug leading from canals to the fields. And a third set of ditches and often a fourth, leads here and there in a network of flowing streams. Small gates are placed in subsidiary ways, so that water can be carried anywhere. The rapidity of growth of vegetation astonishes all who behold. To understand this, it is only necessary to consider that the soil is full of original chemical salts and minerals, never having been leached out by rains. Think of these words—incredibly rich soil, the floods of blessed sunshine and pure melted snow! Oh! sweet violets, the heliotropes and roses of California and peaceful valleys. I was deeply impressed with everything said and done in the congress. Irrigation and electricity are now going hand in hand. Thus the water that has turned the armatures of dynamos, is used to irrigate. Look at this. Electricity is generated to do the work to a great extent in a valley. Cooking, heating, lighting and work in a multitude of motors, and then the same streams spread like a great fan all over the land in life-giving rivulets.

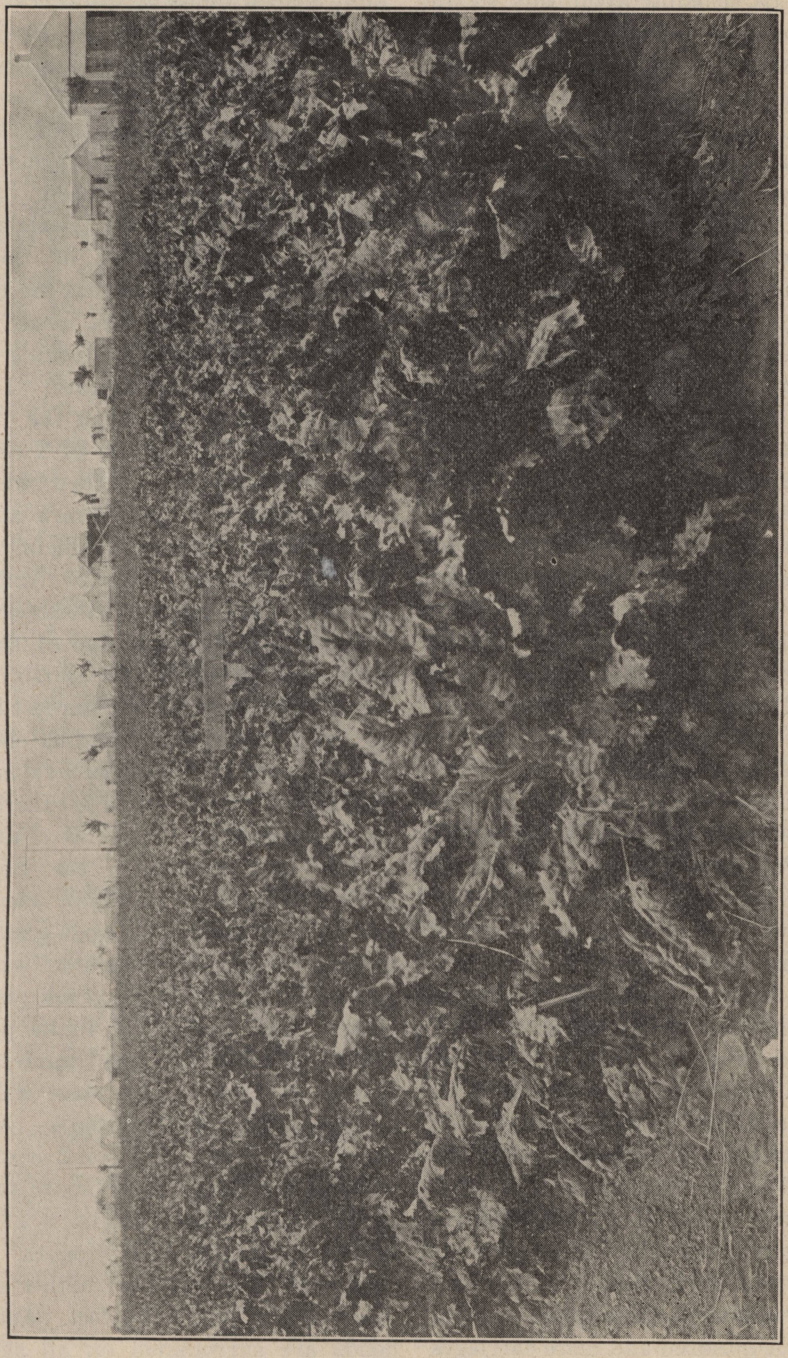


Rich Flax growing in Granite and Lava Dust, Twin Falls, Idaho.

Marvelous Twin Falls Tract in Magnificent Idaho.

I do hope the reader will bear with me in this already lengthy note. How can I convey to the mind of a distant reader any idea of this conquest of mind over nature.

This tract is a flat plain surrounded by mountain walls. Both plain and mountains were once thrust up by vol-



Sugar Beets Growing in Great Luxuriance in Twin Falls, Idaho.

canic agency. Later, volcanoes hurled lava in masses over the floor of the valley. A man at the close of the volcanic epoch, looking upon this terrific scene, would have exclaimed: "It will be impossible for human beings to exist in this inferno." This valley is 100 miles long and forty-five wide. It can support a happy population as dense as the densest portions of Europe. See what has happened since the volcanic activity closed. It is wonderful; the expanse is now covered with soil from six to eighteen feet in depth; alike in surpassing fertility all the way down to the lava. How came this soil on obdurate lava, almost as hard as steel? Traces of the Glacial Epoch are said to be seen, and a mud deposit might have been made by the angry waters of the age of ice. But the surrounding mountains are not sharp peaks. Their tops are rounded, wind and storm worn, and the products of denudation now cover the igneous floor. How many million years did it take to fill the depression? Many millions, yet the volcanoes closed in "recent" geological times.

The railway company gave us—we were six hundred delegates—an entire train of Pullmans, just for ourselves, all day, free. And away we went to Milner, and soon we were walking on the top of the immense dam as shown in Cut No. 1. This dam backs the water up to a height of fifty feet. And the banks of the river are tapped by main canals. These are seventy miles in length. Leading from these large mains, there are 2,000 miles of small canals which already carry life to 244,000 acres of land, so rich that comparison is useless. Soon 400,000 acres will be made alive. The train then went to the town of Twin Falls. Here every delegate was filled with surprise and admiration. A hundred and more carriages awaited the congress, and we were driven to the Fair Grounds. Here we found an old fashioned county fair, such as we have away back in old settled Illinois. Incredible quantities of grains of every kind, fifteen kinds of wheat, every kind of vegetable, fruits by the ton, horses, cattle, all domestic animals galore; and rows of paintings, china decorations, lacework and things and everything besides, that would be seen in a rich and long-settled country. Then we were simply astonished when Alexander McPherson, superintendent of the Twin Falls company, told us that the time between planting the first seeds in the wondrous soil and the opening of the fair was seventeen months! I found many college people from the "remote east" in the thriving city of Twin Falls. For how would they get their china stuff and pictures, and needlework and fine-twined linen and lace kerchiefs, without folk out here from Holyoke? And Rhode Island? Then away to Shoshone Falls.

The Snake River is one of the most wonderful on earth, for it has cut its way 600 feet deep in the hardest kind of lava and underlying stone as obdurate. We all went in carriages five miles to the canyon's brink, when lo! there burst upon the startled delegates a scene of beauty and sublimity, the Shoshone Falls, 210 feet high and 1,000 wide. The boiling flood seethes between giant walls of lava. A mighty "rainbow" extended across the chasm in gorgeous prismatic colors. The geology of Idaho presents a series of surprises. And the irrigation system of that empire state will soon surpass that of Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt and Peru. Cut No. 2 is of Twin Falls in the Snake River above the Shoshone Falls. Their height is 287 feet, twenty feet higher than Niagara. Below Shoshone there tumbles another set, the Auger Falls, height 146 feet. And these floods are surrounded on all sides by torn and tossed, twisted and knotted masses of lava, presenting a scene of

desolation beside the sparkling water, —melted snow—from the far and away mountains. The Shoshone Falls are chained to servitude. Giant waterwheels are hidden below frowning rocks. These turn great dynamos that generate 20,000 horsepower of falling water into electricity. Thin wires convey this to the city, and the 4,000 people press the button and have heat, light and power. The main canal at Milner is eighty feet wide at the bottom, 120 at the top and ten feet deep. All this water goes to plants and animals, with almost unheard of results. Another great Idaho scheme of irrigation is at Minidoka.

Glacial epoch work is more in evidence there. Beach lines of a prehistoric lake may be seen. Glacial drift filled this to a depth of from ten to twenty feet. The Snake River cut its way through the valley, drained the inland sea, and then wind carried in a soil from ten to thirty feet, covering the drift gravels. And now the U. S. government is putting in the great dam as shown in cut No. 3. An intricate canal system radiates from this grand center. Cut No. 4 is of a locust tree which grew eight feet in height from April to October. Cut No. 5 shows sugar beets, and cut No. 6, two kinds of wheat actually growing in pulverized lava and granite. Cut No. 7 is that of a giant gate with water out, showing top and bottom. Screws above regulate the flow. Irrigation is now an exact science.

Vast Economic and Race Problems.

When our great cities sink lower in morality than the awful sinks of Rome before its fall, these valleys in the west will stand as a bulwark of virtue. Paul de Longpre, the great artist, says that the races, Anglo-Saxon and Castilian, pent up in Southern California in a semi-tropical climate between the Sierra Madre range and the sea, are developing a new type of the human species. And with a complexion new to painters who delineate human faces in exquisite detail. And every valley in the west will thus produce a typical human type. To them the appalling degradation of great cities will be unknown and valley virtue will be a shining light.

Education in Twin Falls Tract.

I was greatly pleased with the care bestowed on young children in the regions round about Shoshone. The great valley is divided into squares. Each has a schoolhouse in the center, and every morning a carriage calls and the children ride to school; and ride home at night. This care cannot fail in making impressions on the children's minds that will endure through life.

I have but to look out of my south windows to see a most impressive result of irrigation. I look upon 900 square miles cut out of paradise; upon the cities of Pasadena and Los Angeles, and a hundred towns besides, all smothered in a wilderness of fruit trees. None of these could exist without melted snow and mountain rains. The Owen's River project here in California is simply astonishing. A river is to be brought to Los Angeles from a distance of 210 miles at enormous cost. The Klamath, Oregon-California joint project awakens one's imagination. The Yuma, Arizona; the Truckee-Carson, Nevada, together with the gigantic works in Dakota, Montana and Wyoming, are bringing untold benefits to vast valley regions. For an empire greater than that of ancient Rome is rising in the West. And the contributors to the *Nautilus* are all coming here to the observatory next year and take me up to the fifteenth congress in Sacramento in California the Blessed.

Lowe Observatory, Cal., Oct. 2, 1906.

Christmas Lullaby

MINNIE E. HAYS.

Night.

HUSH, thee, babe! the lions call,
The lambies' bells do ring;
The jackals cry outside the wall,
The frosty air doth sting,—
The shepherds sleep—the shepherds sleep—
The little lambs do bleat—do bleat,
The cattle low, the night winds creep,
The shepherds' dogs are on their feet!
With fear the night-watch gives a cry,
"Awake! The light! In yonder sky!"
Hush! God will take care of them!
CHRIST IS BORN IN BETHLEHEM!

Morn.

HUSH, thee, babe! the Heav'ns are blue,
The lambies all are still;
The shepherds saw God's light so true,
For they had done His will.
The Heav'nly angels all in white
The first watch spent of this dear night,
And culled the star-flowers rare and bright
To scatter in the shepherds' sight.
And now, my babe, a light divine
May brighten every path of thine.
List! the angels sing again!
"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD-WILL
TO MEN!"

Written for NAUTILUS.

John Granger's Way.

By Frederick Rossyln.

With Illustration by the Author.

Part I.

When John Granger said that a thing should be so, it was so. Determination could be read in the firm set of his thin, clean-shaven lips, in the steady frown of his shaggy grey eyebrows, in the cold gleam of his pale blue eyes. His nose was aquiline, his jaw rather broad, his chin prominent. Beneath his chin there grew a straggling white beard, of the sort that is known in England as a Newgate fringe; but for this his face might still have been called a handsome one, though he was now sixty-seven years of age. He was tall and strongly built, but he wore clothes so ill-fitting that they effectually concealed the fact that he was a finely formed man. In his own household his will was law, and he would have made his will the law of the entire town of Arden if that had been possible. In politics he called himself a Democrat, but in the actual conduct of life he embodied the autocratic principle at its worst. His wife, a woman of some spirit at the time of their marriage, had long since ceased to dispute his will; his one child, a daughter, finding life on the terms he dictated unendurable, had fled from her home. She was a girl to whom nature had given a musical voice that was always breaking into song, while her feet danced to fairy music, unheard by duller ears. This to her father was a crying scandal; he called it levity of character, and forbade her to sing the songs of the world, or to dance beneath his roof. And then the daughter, who had a will as strong as his own, had risen in rebellion, shrill, defiant, and the end had come. After that John Granger had never mentioned his daughter's name, nor did his wife dare to mention it in her husband's presence.

Once his wife,—now a frail, drooping woman, always silent and watchful in the presence of her stern husband—had shown him a letter she had received in the morning post. John Granger glanced at it out of the corners of his eyes, without offering to take it from her hand.

"Is it from that—that wayward girl?" he asked.

"Yes, John," said the poor mother, "it is from Ellen."

"Have you read it?"

"Yes, John."

He snatched the letter roughly from her hand, and, walking to the fireplace, he tossed it in the grate and thrust it deep down among the glowing coals with the poker. "When you receive another letter from that—that wayward girl, burn it unread," he ordered.

The unhappy woman, whose fear of her husband was even greater than her love for her daughter, had been forced to obey. That was now eight years ago, and the letters—never read and never answered—had long since ceased to come. Of course John Granger heard of his daughter from time to time, for neighbors will talk. A man may rule his own household with a rod of iron, but he cannot hope to dominate an entire countryside. He suffered most, perhaps, from little Deacon Ribbon, who called his hankering after the things of this world broad-mindedness, and whose babbling lips and loose tongue were never still.

"What is this I hear, Brother Granger?" he cried, pouncing on the grim old man as he was about to enter the village postoffice, one bright October afternoon. "What is this I hear? Is it really true

that your daughter, Ellen, has become a play-actress?''

''How should I know?'' growled John Granger in his harshest voice; and he tried to free himself from the deacon's restraining hand.

John Granger in the clutches of Deacon Ribbon.

''Don't you really know, Brother Granger?'' persisted the gossip-loving little man.

John Granger made a frantic effort to escape from the deacon, but finding he could not do so without using force, he turned a sullen face on his persecutor and answered in a single word:

''No.''

''Well, then,'' chirruped Deacon Ribbon, fairly bubbling over with excitement, ''well, then, I have news for you, Brother Granger. Young Harry Littleton, who, as you know, is a student at the University of Pennsylvania, was at the Palace Theay-ter in Philadelphia last week, an' he says he saw your daughter on the staye a play-actin'. He knew her as soon as he set eyes on her, he says, though her face was all painted an' powdered, an' she was dressed fit to kill. Real pooty she looked, he says; but Harry is so dead set on the girls that he thinks they're all pooty. Harry says she did a song an' dance, like''—

John Granger could endure no more. His face had grown livid and his pale blue eyes were blazing with wrath. He seized his tormentor by both arms, just beneath the shoulders, and lifting him from his feet, he threw him in at the open door of the postoffice as if he had been a mail bag. He left a button of his best black coat in the prostrate deacon's

hand, but he had escaped from his tormentor. He forget all about his letters, and turned at once and walked swiftly back to his own house.

He found his wife, who was ailing, crouching over the kitchen fire. He went up to her without a word of greeting, and placing one of his stong hands beneath her chin he lifted her face until he could look into her frightened eyes.

"Tell me the truth," he said in a strange, hoarse voice; "do you write to your daughter?"

"No, John."

"Do you receive letters from her in secret?"

"No, John."

He seemed to ponder for a moment, as if weighing his words in advance, and then said: "I have heard of her today. That fool, Deacon Ribbon, says she is a play-actress. Some young worlding saw her on the stage in Philadelphia, and told the deacon. Did you know of this?"

"Yes, John."

"For how long a time has my daughter disgraced me thus? Do you know?"

John Granger's wife could feel the hand that clasped her chin tremble; her husband's voice, hoarse and low, sounded strange in her ears. She was almost frightened into silence, but did not dare to conceal the truth.

"Last Christmas our neighbor, Mrs. Crewe, passed the holidays in the city; you remember that, don't you, John?"

He nodded his head, mute, stern-eyed, threatening; but the hand beneath her chin still trembled.

"Well, when she came back she showed me a playbill—a programme she called it. I never knew before that that Ellen was an actress; indeed I didn't, John."

"The name, the name," he cried, and John Granger's voice was a voice his wife had never heard before; "whose name was on the playbill?"

"Why, her name, of course," was the obedient answer. "And it was printed in big letters at the very top of the playbill—Ellen Granger."

When he heard these words, the old man became a terrible sight to see. He tried to speak, but only broken, inarticulate sounds came from between his lips. The veins stood out on his forehead and his face became a strange mottled red. He beat the air with his clenched hands, as if fighting with some unseen enemy. His features became distorted, almost inhuman. Then, in the midst of his inarticulate rage, he staggered forward a step or two, reeled giddily from side to side, and finally sank down in a huddled heap on the floor.

It was a paralytic stroke. The strong, unbending man had been broken like a reed. His frightened wife ran to the nearest neighbor with frantic appeals for help, where human help could be of little avail. A doctor was summoned and came in all haste, but he could do but little more than give a name to the seizure. It was a paralytic stroke; it might be followed by a second stroke, in which case death was almost certain to intervene. But his patient had a wonderful constitution and might partly, or almost wholly, recover his health. His patient was growing old, it was true, but he had an iron constitution and had always lived a healthy country life. It was a toss up, to be sure, but he was inclined to think that his patient would win out. An up-to-date medical man could do much even in the face of a paralytic stroke; and the doctor, who was young and confident, and who had his way to make in the world, intimated to his hearers that he had all the resources of modern medical treatment at his finger tips.

And it so happened that the brisk young physician's words came true. For there was no second stroke, and old John Granger slowly recovered his health and the power of articulate speech. He was never quite his old self again, it is true,

but the change was rather in disposition than in any loss of bodily strength. In that respect, beyond a slight dragging of one foot when he walked, there was no change. But in other respects he was greatly changed; he was less abrupt in speech, more forebearing in his treatment of others; he even ceased to domineer over his timid, uncomplaining wife. He passed much of his time, for it was now late November, sitting by the kitchen fire, mutely gazing at the glowing coals, or silently watching his wife as she went about her household work. He had no work of his own, being, in the limited village sense, a solid man. His money had been so securely invested that it gave him little or no trouble; he had merely to collect certain rents, certain interests. But he now began to alarm his wife, whom he had trained in his own school of thrift, by slightly unclosing his tight fist. He did not grow free-handed or lavish, he merely allowed an occasional dollar to slip between his closed fingers. Once, coming out of a long reverie, he startled his wife by proposing that she should engage a maid-of-all-work; or, as he phrased it, hire help.

"You aren't so young and active as you once were, Rachel," he said. "You begin to need some one to help you with the heavy work."

And when he found that his wife, jealously watchful of her own little kingdom, would not hear of this, he insisted that a strong-armed woman should be called in to aid her during the day. Then, the question of a servant being settled, he began to ask questions about his neighbors, in whom he had formerly taken but little interest. He frequently mentioned young Harry Littleton, one of the golden youth of Arden, for whom he had once expressed an unlimited contempt. Deacon Ribbon, who had readily forgiven the little incident at the post-office when he heard of John Granger's seizure, used to come and pass an hour or two with the old man almost daily. It was to the astonished deacon that he first spoke of Harry Littleton.

"How's Harry Littleton?" he asked suddenly one day. "The judge's son, I mean."

"He's still in Philadelphia," replied the deacon; "he's what they call a sophomore at the 'Varsity. He's studyin' Latin an' Greek, though I can't see, for my part, what good it'll ever do him. He's goin' to be a lawyer like his father, I'm told; but he'll never be the man the judge is."

"He's still fond of the theater, I suppose?" queried John Granger.

"I suppose so," assented the deacon. It was not a subject on which he cared to dwell, for he had not forgotten that little incident at the postoffice.

"Does he run up from town very often, deacon?"

"Who? Harry Littleton?"

"Yes; the judge's son."

"He's here every now an' then; they expect him to be home on Thanksgiving Day, I'm told. That is Thursday of this week, you know, Brother Granger."

"I wish," said John Granger, very slowly, "that you'd bring Harry Littleton to see me."

On hearing these words, the little deacon almost fell out of his chair. He could scarcely believe his ears, but sat staring at the old man with open mouth. At last he recovered sufficiently to speak, and said: "Did you say you wanted to see Harry Littleton?"

"Yes; bring him to see me, deacon. I haven't been in the city for a long time, and I'd like to know how things are going on down there."

So the deacon promised he would bring young Littleton to see his stricken friend, and late on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day they duly appeared together. Old John Granger greeted the young man with unusual warmth, and at once

began talking about the city and city amusements.

"The deacon here tells me that you are very fond of the theater," he said, almost as soon as the preliminary greetings were over. "Anything new at any of the Philadelphia theaters just now?"

The words were suavely spoken, but the little deacon glanced uneasily at John Granger, and took a tight grip on the arms of his chair. He did not know whether the still powerful old man was preparing to throw his guests through the door or the window, but he felt that his exit would be more dignified in either case if he clung to his chair.

"The theaters are all giving attractive performances at present," answered young Littleton. "There is to be a grand Christmas revival of 'Puss-in-Boots' at the Palace Theater, and your daughter is to appear as the miller's youngest son, afterwards the Marquis of Carabas. It is a *role* that will crowd the house during the run of the play, for the public can't resist your daughter when she appears in male costume. She is to sing a new song called 'Pussy-Cat and Me'; it was written and composed expressly for her, and they say the air is very catching. Your daughter is a great favorite with the students of the University; in fact, some of the boys are almost crazy about her. It's on account of her pretty face, you know, and her fine fig—hum!—ha—I mean she is a very great favorite with the students."

Deacon Ribbon, when he heard this reckless speech, shook like the proverbial aspen leaf, and he clung to his chair as a drowning man clings to a straw. But John Granger only nodded his white head in a gratified way, and said:

"So my daughter, Ellen, is a popular favorite, is she? I am glad to hear that. I have not been to the theater since I was a boy, but I should like to see Ellen on the stage."

The something in the iron man suddenly gave way. His voice broke; the tears gathered in his eyes and ran down his furrowed cheeks. He put forth one of his strong hands and gripped the young man by the arm.

"Bring her back to me, Harry," he cried; "bring my little girl back to me!"

It was the cry of a hungry heart, long starved in silence. It brought a lump into the sophomore's throat, and caused Deacon Ribbon to wipe his eyes and nose with a blue-bordered cotton handkerchief, while he feebly remarked that he must have caught a November cold. No actor that Harry Littleton had ever seen on the stage had been able to touch that deep note of pathos; no actor, with studied art, had ever moved him as he was now moved by the heart-piercing cry of the lonely old man. He had to swallow several times before he could speak distinctly, and his voice was not quite steady even then.

"I don't know your daughter, Mr. Granger," he protested; "I've only seen her on the stage. Why not write to her? A letter addressed to the theater would be sure to reach her, you know."

But John Granger shook his white head.

"Write! After long years of silence; after what went before! I cannot do that, Harry; I cannot do that."

The old man sat with his strong hands gripping the arms of his chair, while he regarded Harry Littleton with anxious looks. His shaggy gray eyebrows worked convulsively; his lips were still tremulous with emotion; and when he saw that the young man still seemed to hesitate, he once more uttered his desolate cry. It was like the cry of a child—passionate, unreasoning, demanding to be satisfied.

"Bring her back to me! Bring my little girl back to me!"

(*Concluded in January.*)

SEEING GOD.

"The understanding that God IS, and ALL THERE IS, will establish you upon a foundation from which you can never be moved."
—Andrews.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God!" Could we understand these words here and now in this present life, as we shall—must—understand them in the life more abundant, how would our somber world be illumined with sudden splendor! This is all the blessedness of the redeemed—they that walk in white garments—they are pure in heart; they see God.

Could we see God every sorrow would be swept away, every burden would become light; every labor glorified. Then should we become "heirs together" with the Purest One. We should follow His steps with joyful haste; we should do the works that He did; ay, and greater works should we do, according to the word of His power.

But what is it to see God? And how may we purify our hearts? These are the two questions which men and women are asking everywhere today. And the answer is so clear—so beautifully simple. If we will but open our hearts to God, they will become whiter than snow in the flame of His Spirit. If we are but willing to see we will "let" that mind be in us which was also in Christ Jesus. Then shall we know Him as the Father of our spirits, the creator of all created things, immanent in His creation, yet transcendent. This it is to see God!

And when we have so seen Him, all our earth life will become so transfigured in the light of that vision; we shall see him henceforth in all our world; in the faces of our fellow-beings, each one a child of God, though like the prodigal wandering in rags and hunger in the "far country" of their pitiful delusions, we shall see Him in this strange and beautiful world in which we live, whose very enfolding ether is vibrant with celestial harmonies and filled with glorious visions just beyond our mortal kin.

And living thus, we shall grow evermore into the understanding of that joy which the Lord Christ left us as our rightful heritage; His power will flow forth in every word and act—mighty enablings for mighty achievements; His peace shall enfold us like a garment. Heaven itself holds no more for any soul than this ever growing knowledge of God. To comprehend this in its fullness is to see God—it is to be blessed in the eternal now beyond all that it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive.

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

Written for THE NAUTILUS.

The Nervous System of Jesus.

By SALVARONA.

CHAPTER II.

The point of these chapters will be wholly lost if the reader does not keep in view the following idea:

Namely: That the *laws* governing the spiritual, mental, or psychological forces of the Spirit or Soul of Jesus, operating in co-relation with the forces and motions of his brain, were *conditioned* to do their spiritual work, *through the nervous laws of his cerebral vibrations.* And that the *laws* of these cerebral vibrations constituted the mechanical brain forces and motions of the Nervous System of Jesus.

SALVARONA.

Moreover, in this relation of *vibrations,* the special *laws* of nervous forces and motion, governing the special motion of the molecules of the five nervous organs of the five senses of Jesus, and of those he cured, should be *specially studied.*

The future longevity—in coming scientific civilization—of the religion of Theistic Evolutionary New Thought *versus* Christian Science, will depend, other things equal, on the correctness, or incorrectness of the law of *evolution,* concerning these laws of cerebral *vibration;* or of nervous force and motion—as a *condition* for mental activity.

If Evolution—through nervous and other conditions—be finally accepted by the majority, in that case Christian Science will *not* be the religion of the future. Its success will be very temporary and relative. In fact, its relativity is foretold in every deep and serious study in *physiological psychology,* encouraged in schools, colleges and magazines. Christion mental therapeutics—in these cases; then come to be studied from the standpoint of the Theistic Evolutionary New Thoughter. And wonderful *new laws* are discovered.

To blindly follow any Christian mental therapeutic *precept* without understanding its *principle* is a disgrace to the reason that follows it. We are in the Ptolemaic era of Religious Psychology—before long a Copernicus will appear on the horizon.

We closed our first chapter with the chemical image of the form of the body of Jesus created out of light rays of color and *fixed* on the retina of the man sick with the nervous palsy.

THE RELATION OF ETHER TO THE NERVOUS FORCES OF JESUS.

In my opinion the *possibility* of the mental therapeutics of Jesus was made practical by *Ether Messages;* set in motion, by the energies of the motion of his own nervous forces, as acted on by his Will. The words, Ether Message, suit my meaning better than the words, Telepathic Message; inasmuch as the word "Ether" gives the distinct name of the medium of interaction between his own Mind and body; and those of the distant Minds and bodies of his absent patients. The Ether is the largest —*invisible yet real*—uniform body of which we have any knowledge. The many properties of this *one* vast substance are so various that the ancients insisted on calling each property a separate Ether. So far as the mental possibility exists, of receiving healing, mental messages from others, it depends on the law of sub-conscious involution, by ether waves; which means that ether

waves can and do convey impressions to us in ways of which we are unconscious. Now, the human body is as really surrounded with an *Invisible Sea of Ether Waves,* as it is surrounded with a Visible Sea of Ocean Waves when in Bathing. This invisible sea of the Ether is in perpetual motion; and its substance has density, elasticity, tenacity; capable of transmitting transverse vibrations to very great distances; and without sensible loss of energy by dissipation. Jesus was surrounded with this vast invisible sea of the ether; and the motions of his nervous forces were capable of giving direction to its transverse vibrations. Now, in my judgment, the failure to comprehend the *possibility* of the sending of healing ether messages by Jesus, is the failure to understand the relation, between the reciprocal action of nervous force, and ether motion.

There exists an unwarrantable supposition that the deeply excited motions of the nervous forces do *not* bias the directions of the ether waves when they impinge on the skin of the human body. Or, that the ether waves (after coming in contact with the vibratory motions of the nervous forces in the outside skin) *cannot and do not* have the directions of their vibrations changed by any action whatsoever of the human nervous forces. Tacitly, this is the assumed position. Practically, this implies that *all* the energy generated by the nervous forces, is exerted on other forces *within* the body. Not on forces outside of it. According to the old division of sensory and motor nerves, the dynamic effects of the nervous forces are absolutely confined to the area of the human muscles. Such a conception as that of the influence of a nervous force *passing out through the skin*—to influence anything outside of the muscles has not been considered. Or, of anything *passing in.* This is an error. A distinct current of nervous force, capable of coming in contact with ether waves at the surface of the body and of inducing motion *in the ether does pass out* of the hands and tips of the fingers at the end of certain *motor nerve corpuscles.* Moreover, this current of nervous force, *can* be induced into the sensory nerve currents of another person. By sensory, of course I do not mean *emotional* nerve currents. That is,—unlike the dynamic effects produced by the motions of the forces of the blood, and which are strictly limited to the areas of results along the pipes through which the blood moves —the motions of *Motor* nervous forces can and do transcend the special distances of their motor nerve lines of conducting fiber. Moreover, a series of personally conducted experiments—on my own body—has thoroughly convinced me that the energies of the motions of another person's *motor* nervous force can be inducted—as molecular energy—along the *sensory* conducting nerve lines and fibers of touch and pressure in my body. Moreover, the actual conveyance of the molcular energy; as implied, in the motions of the other person's nervous forces—motor—to my own *sensory,* conducting nerve fibers—and, as conveyed by the unspoken *Thought* of the person with whom I was experimenting—also caused a positive *motor* reaction in the molecular energy of the motions of the nervous forces of *my* own body. As a result—my Will being negative — my muscles of locomotion, mechanically obeyed the directive motion given to the *motor* molecular energy of the motions of my own motor nervous force. Obeying this law,—and yielding to the unspoken *Thought* held by the other person as expressed in directive nervous energy inducted to my *sensory* nerve fiber of Touch—I found a secretly hidden (supposititious) murdered body; and also the knife (dummy) with which the

hypothetical murder had been committed.

The success of my Thought-transfer experiment depended upon my keeping —through my Will—the molecular energies of the *motions* of the sensory nervous forces of my nerve fibers of Touch in a *Negative* state; so that they could be acted upon by the *Motor* molecular energy of the motions of the motor nervous forces of the person, who held the *Thought* in all its details, as to the location of the (supposititious) murdered body. My experiment proved two points. First that *motor* nervous motion-forces and powers—when directed by the Will —are molecular energies capable of passing out of one human body and producing forces and motion when entering the sensory channels of another body. Second: that *motor* nervous motions, forces and powers, can be intelligently *directed* to do muscular *work*—on the muscular fibers of other human beings—if they can be inducted by *any* means to the *sensory* inconducting nerve fibers of the person. Ether waves acting on the ear are a means of induction; as they come in contact with *sensory* nerve centers.

I beg therefore to call the attention of physiologists and psychologists to this law of the twofold function of *sensory* nerves. For sensory nerves are not merely nerves of sensation; but are also the means of inducting and inconducting (*to* the inner parts of the brain) motor currents of directing nervous forces, and molecular energy, as *molecular substance*. Upon the correctness or incorrectness of this general principle rests the *possibility* of the mental therapeutics of Jesus. Left to themselves, the molecular energies of the motions of the nervous forces of the *sensory* nerves pursue their own right line motions along their inducting and inconducting nerve lines and fibers. But when the molecular energies, traveling inward to the body—are acted upon by *another's motor nerve forces* our *sensory* nerve forces then change their own automatic right line motions; causing our own motor nerve force to curve and change in the directions suggested by the *Thought* of the other person, as expressed through their motor nervous force which has acted on us. And this change may be in the direction of a diseased tissue, or a palsied limb. The Healing Thoughts of Jesus —as a mental therapeutist—were brain pictures always in rapid motion within his own brain—and were constantly being directed from his brain into Space; by the molecular energies of the centrifugal motions of his own motor nervous forces, when acted on by his Will. Sensation—in those he cured—was always relative to the nature of the intelligent induction of the nervous force causing their changes of unhealthy to healthy sensation. Therefore, as the Healing Thoughts of Jesus were not merely things—but things of *molecular energy*—things of *force*—things of dynamic *power* —things of molecular *motion*—they were therefore capable of being inducted and conducted—by ether waves—into the involutionary and sensory nervous forces, energies and powers, of the bodies of those whom he cured.

Moreover, to understand the reciprocal relation existing between the laws of the motion of nervous forces, and the laws of the motion of the forces (properties) of the Ether, it may be well to understand this point.

That, whilst I insist on the *unity,* or oneness of the ultimate nature of the Ether, I also believe the following: Namely, that the purpose of the evolution of the Special Senses in man, was, that these special Senses should be the *means* of enabling man to relate his body and mind to these special properties of the Ether—as related to ratios of vibra-

tion. According to this view, the eye was evolved for involving and relating one's self to the Ether on its luminiferous plane. The ear evolved for the purpose of relating one's self to the Ether on its aerial and electric planes. According to this view, the Special Senses, and other nervous organs, exist also for the purpose of involving, separating and *evolving*—into the Self—these properties of the Ether into materials for the self-construction of brain pictures, and other purposes. This idea implies that we are *not* to consider the vibrations of the Ether—its modes of motion—as "gods"—rulers—autocrats—despots of destiny—in the old Hindu sense. On the other hand, we are to reform—through *our* Special Senses and Moral Will—the special forms of the vibrations of these special properties of the Ether, into *our* forms of force and motion. We are to change the vibrations; not the vibrations change us. Owing to the physical, material, concrete cast of mind—of psychologically, uneducated peoples—the ancient, metaphysical deification of properties of the Ether as "gods," has been an incalculable injury to the race. I refer to the anthropomorphism implied in the deification of the luminiferous ether as Agni, god of fire, and, to all anthropomorphisms of this Hindu type.

The law of ether waves in its relation to the law of the rhythmic breath—in my honest opinion—means this: That, to the extent that the air we breathe is charged with electro-magnetic properties, it is charged with properties of the ether. To have a well balanced *spiritual life,* we must have a clean, pure, *physiological life.* The latter is a mystic symbol of the former. The in-breathing of ether waves implies a process of physiological cleansing. Evolution absolutely depends, physiologically, on sorting and separating the unfit from the fit materials of the body. Therefore, the object of rhythmic breathing, is to cleanse, purify, sort, separate the liquid and gaseous materials of physiological life. Not to furnish occult spiritual energies, moral forces, ethical powers and spiritual thoughts. One of the functions of our strictly symbolic, physiological life is to separate the impure from the pure; and its function of separation ceases the instant it has no separating or sorting work to do in this line. Thus, breathing, respiration, instantly and automatically stops when the blood is *not* impure, dirty and unclean. It is the *unclean* venous blood in the baby that starts its life-breathing. Thus, assuming the average respiratory capacity of Jesus; he would take in, during twenty-four hours, about 10,000 grains of purifying and cleansing oxygen, and give out about 12,000 grains of very poisonous carbon dioxide. And the *frequency* of the separating respirations of Jesus—when doing this sorting work of separating the poisons from the body—would vary at certain periods of his life. Thus, at thirty years of age, or, at about the period of his crucifixion, his respirations would be 18.1 per minute. At twenty-five years of age they would be sixteen per minute. At five years twenty-six, and one year forty-four.

(Continued in January number.)

VIEWPOINTS.

You can accomplish nothing by endeavor.
All the achievement in the world is not achievement.
All the conquest in the world is not conquest.
There is no victory in the world.
The struggles and battles of those who battle and struggle are but raging dreams.——J. H. B.

The New Physiology.

WALLACE D. WATTLES.

CHAPTER II.

SLEEP.

He giveth His beloved sleep.—Ps. 127:2

In a former article we considered some of the arguments for the new physiology, which holds that vital energy is renewed in sleep, and is not generated by the digestion of food. Man is not, as we have been taught to suppose, an engine whose power comes from the combustion of fuel, or food. If he were, he would never need rest or sleep; supplied with food he could keep on eating and working indefinitely, as an engine can work indefinitely if it is supplied with coal; whereas no matter how much or how often he eats, we know that he must have frequent lapses into the silence and unconsciousness of sleep in order to recharge his brain with that mysterious energy by which he lives and works.

We find by observation that the fact that vital power is received in sleep is universal with all forms of life. Men, animals, reptiles, fish and insects sleep; and plants sleep also. You will notice that I speak of vital power as being received, not generated; if the law of the conservation of energy holds good as applied to the energy displayed by the human body, then the energy of man is received from some source outside himself; for it is a mechanical impossibility for the organism to generate within itself the power to maintain itself, renew itself, and perform external work also. The human body cannot be regarded as being anything but a machine; and since it is found to be impossible for a machine to operate itself, and to do additional work with power generated by its own operation, I am compelled to accept the hypothesis that there is an inflow of life, which is received by all living organisms during sleep. Let me write this again, and call your attention to it for it is the greatest and most important scientific fact that has been given to the world in a century.

There is an inflow of vital power, which is received by all living organisms during sleep.

I do not know where this inflow of life comes from; I do not know whether it results from some combination of other forces or is a force which is eternally self-existent. I am simply stating the facts as I observe them, and giving the inevitable deductions from them; if the facts disprove the theories you have been holding, you will have to readjust your theories to fit the facts. It is a fact that the human body cannot possibly manufacture its own vital power and at the same time be manufactured by its own vital power; and it is a fact that it receives its vital power in sleep; and necessarily, from some source outside itself. Life comes to us from somewhere; we do not make it; we receive it. I do not say that it is received only in sleep; I do not know but that there are conditions under which we may receive it when awake. Neither do I say that we always receive it directly from the unknown source; there may be individuals who can become so charged with it as to be able to communicate it to others; I do say, however, that no individual has power to create it in himself; he can only give what he has received, so that ultimately we all receive from the unknown source.

Now, as to the importance of all this. Hold up your finger, and examine it carefully. What made it? It is made of different chemical elements taken from the food you have eaten; but what combined those elements and built them into

a finger? Life! You slept, and your brain was charged with power; that power was applied to the stomach and bowels and digested your food; it took the separate elements and emptied them into the blood; your heart, which beats by brain power, forced them along through the arteries until they came to the finger; and vital energy from the brain built them into bone, muscle, nerve and connective tissue. Life built the finger; and nothing but life can make another like it. All the science in the world cannot duplicate it; we may make something which looks very much the same, but it will not be like your finger at all. Be careful, therefore, about the gentleman who tells you that he has a "remedy" which will renew your finger or fix it up all right if there is anything the matter with it. Nothing can repair or renew the finger but the force which created it—vital power. Nothing can make a finger, nothing can mend a broken or injured finger, and nothing can cure a sick finger but life. There is no remedy, and no known force that can unite a broken bone save life only; and there is no remedy and no force that can make a heart beat save life only. Nothing ever made a heart beat but life; all the other powers in the world cannot send a single pulse-throb through the arteries of a dead body. No medicine ever made your heart beat, and none ever will; nothing ever made a heart beat but vital power. The force which operates your heart is stored in your brain during sleep. The only manner in which a medicine could make your heart beat would be by causing the vital power to flow from your brain to your heart. I do not say that medicine can or cannot do this; I will touch upon this point again.

What is true of the heart is necessarily true of every other organ of the body; they are all operated by brain-power, and cannot be operated by any other power. We hear certain medicines spoken of as having power to move the bowels; but a little study must convince us that the only power on earth which can move the bowels is that which is stored in the brain. If a medicine causes the bowels to move it must do so by causing the brain to move them; you understand that I do not say that it is impossible for medicine to do this; I simply say that it is impossible that it should be done in any other way. The vital power which is stored in the brain during sleep is the only power capable of producing functional action in any part of the body. Your heart, stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are not separate and independent machines, operated by different and extraneous powers; they are all parts of one machine, which is run by brain-power; and the brain is charged in sleep.

Now, if there is defective action, or congestion, or inflammation, or pain in any part of the body, the only possible way to effect a cure is by directing the brain-power to the affected part. If a medicine can do this it is of value, provided its benefit be not neutralized by reactionary or other effects. Local applications produce their curative effect in this manner; a mustard plaster cannot increase functional action in the organs over which it is applied, but it is possible that by it a chemical effect upon the tissues may cause the brain to turn its power in that direction, and so increase functional action. This is the only theory of medical action which is in accord with the facts; and we must apply it also in explaining the effects of exercise and massage. Neither exercise nor massage can build up a weak part; but either may cause the brain to build it up, by directing its power to it. Mental healing is accomplished in exactly the same way; it is done by consciously and intelligently directing the brain-power by concentration of mind; and it is by far the most scientific and effective method of healing, when not complicated by speculative absurdities which befuddle the mind and prevent direct and positive action.

Now, again, perhaps you do not see the importance of all this. Go back over this article, and the preceding one; examine the facts and study the logic of the deductions. You will hardly fail to become convinced that your body is a machine which is operated by power which is stored in your brain during sleep; and that no other agency can heal it, build it up, or keep it well but this brain-power. If you are sick or weak you know now where your cure is to be found; and you are ready to begin to act intelligently.

First, if the power which is to heal you is to be stored in your brain during sleep, you had better study sleep, and learn how to surround yourself with favorable conditions for the charging of your storage battery with power; sleep intelligently, and with a purpose, so as to get the best results. There are laws which govern the process of charging the brain with vital force; some of them are known; enough to enable you to set to work with a reasonable certainty of getting good results.

Second, having learned how to charge your brain with vital power you must learn how to conserve the power; how to keep yourself from throwing it away, and expending it uselessly; and this is more important, perhaps, than you imagine. Most people waste at least half their vital power.

Third, you will need to learn how to turn this force to the part where it is most needed; and this involves the consideration of all medicines, treatments, exercises, and mental processes.

What we need above all else is to be scientific in our methods of arriving at conclusions. We must avoid speculation, and fanciful theories based on the supposed need for retaining old medical or religious dogmas, and stick to the facts and to the deductions which are the inevitable corollary of the facts. If the facts do not accord with the teaching of the doctor and the physiological authorities we will have to disbelieve the doctor and the authorities, and accept the facts; and if the facts disagree with the dogmas of the preacher we will have to ask the preacher to revise his dogmas; we must keep to the facts. And here, again, are some of the facts, and some of the things which the facts prove:

In death by starvation the brain loses no weight, but is nourished at the expense of the other tissues of the body. Death does not come so long as there are other tissues available for the brain to feed upon. This proves that the brain, not the stomach is the alpha—the center of vital power.

The structure of the body goes to prove that the brain is the power-plant; the afferent nerves carrying sensation in, and the efferent ones carrying power out. It is an absurdity to suppose that muscular power is generated by the muscles themselves; it is far more reasonable to assume that power is transmitted to them over the nerves in a manner similar to the transmission of power over an electric wire.

The strength of the body is not drawn from food; because

(*a*) It would be impossible to extract the amount of energy displayed by the body from the quantity of food consumed;

(*b*) Work-power does not increase in proportion to the quantity of food digested;

(*c*) If work-power came from food we would not be obliged to sleep for the purpose of renewing our strength; and

(*d*) The digestion of food is work in itself, and requires the expenditure of power; it cannot, therefore, be done with power drawn in the ultimate from its own processes. Work cannot do itself with power furnished by itself. It is a manifest impossibility that the body should work with energy manufactured by its own internal processes, which are themselves a part of its work, and consume its power.

Lastly, we see that every living thing goes regularly to sleep, and wakes with renewed energy.

From all this we deduce:

That the external work of the human organism is done, and its internal processes carried on by means of a vital energy which is accumulated in the brain during sleep.

That this vital energy is the only power by which the body may be healed, repaired, renewed or maintained.

(*Continued in January Nautilus.*)

The Law of Rhythmic Breath.

By Ella Adelia Fletcher.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Manifestations of Prana.

What we know as the manifestations of *Prana* are the periodic changes of its center of activity from one vital function to another in unvarying progression, apparently regulated in the order of manifestation by the changes in the flow of the *Tattvas.*

For these manifestations of *Prana* are of course manifestations of various *Tattvic* activities. Concerning this the Upanishad explains: "As the paramount power appoints its servants, telling them, 'Rule such and such villages,' so does the *Prana.* It puts its different manifestations [its elemental servants] in different places;" and they follow in the order in which the flow of the *Tattvas* succeed one another; by the "flow" being meant the predominance of one *Tattva* more than the others. It is not to be understood, for example, when *Vayu* is said to be flowing that *Vayu* is the only *Tattva* present in the *Pranic* current; but it is in greater proportion—four atoms to one each of the other four—in order that its centers can be renewed. Whether waking or sleeping, while life animates the physical entity, these changes succeed one another ceaselessly and methodically.

Accordingly to the "Shivagama," the flow of the *Tattvas* is "Ghari by Ghari" (about twenty-four minutes), one after the other; and the current of *Prana* is active in all the centers of the prevalent *Tattva* at the same time. This, however, does not agree with the teaching of the modern Guras and learned pundits of East India, but I believe I can reconcile the two.

The "Shivagama" is none too clear in describing these changes, and the Upanishads are entirely indefinite on the subject. Therefore, it is not surprising that some students have confounded the *Tattvic* changes, or the manifestations of *Prana* in *Tattvic* centers, with the changes of the *Pranic* currents which are much longer, and this has led to some confusion and diversity of opinion as to the changes of breath.

The succession of the *Tattvas* is not in the exact order of their evolution, and it varies also according to the part of the body in which the current of *Prana* is at the time active. Thus, while it is in the back part of the body on the right side, the *Tattvas* change from Vayu to *Tejas,* Prithivi, and *Apas;* and when the life-current passes into the front part of the right side they change from Apas through Prithivi and *Tejas* back to *Vayu.* The changes on the left side are exactly reversed, for negative action is a reflection of the positive, receiving its impressions as does a mirror that of the object before it. If we could keep this always in mind it would explain many puzzling things. As *Akasha* flows between every two *Tattvas* and is active in the *Sushumna* which intervenes between the changes of *Pranic* currents, the time of its flow is broken into shorter intervals; and, therefore, the description *"Ghari by Ghari"* could not apply to it.

It is my belief that the meaning of the "Shivagama" has been misunderstood, and that the description therein of the flow of the *Tattvas* applies to their changes in the solar and terrestrial currents of *Prana,* and not at all to those in the human physique. Just as the planets are distinguished one from another by the predominance of a ruling *Tattva,* so also is every species of earth

life thus differentiated; and the lower the grade of life the simpler the structure and, consequently, the vibration and the color. This is proved in the auras of minerals, which show only one color, and of the flora and fauna which display more and more complex colors as they ascend in the scale of life.

As you might conjecture from its life under the ground, in the busy ant *Prithivi* is the dominant *Tattva;* and the reason the fly goes into hiding or persistently attacks the human being and all warm-blooded creatures when cold winds blow and on raw, damp days, is that *Tejas* is its life element. I have found that the most obstinate nuisance will cease his persecutions on such days if a pitcher of hot water be placed nearby. He will hug it as long as warmth lingers. In the birds of the air *Vayu* predominates over *Prithivi,* while in the quadruped who clings to the earth with four feet this is exactly reversed.

I have frequently given emphasis to the fact that upon man is placed the responsibility of choosing for himself what shall be the dominant *Tattvic* activities of his being, and that upon his choice depends not alone his own weal and woe but the comfort, happiness, and well-being of all whose lives are connected with him. Therefore, knowing as you do now the terrestrial influences of the various *Tattvas,* it must certainly appeal to you as more logical that some of them should have a greater normal flow than others; and this is exactly the teaching at the present time of the East Indian Guras. By this method, their order is as given above, but *Vayu* is said to flow eight minutes; *Tejas,* twelve minutes; *Prithivi,* twenty minutes; *Apas,* sixteen minutes; and *Akasha,* only four. As this totals sixty minutes, the rational conclusion is that the exact period is a fraction less and that there is one complete change of the *Tattvas* during the flow of each current of *Prana.*

Now, if you remember that five *Gharis* are about equal to two hours you will understand that by the "Shivagama" reckoning we are confronted with the puzzling statement that there is only one complete change of the *Tattvas* during the flow of the two currents, that is during a positive period when the breath is in the right lung and the currents are flowing from the northern to the southern center; and a negative one when the breath is in the left lung and the direction is reversed, the *Prana* flowing from the heart, or southern center, northward on the left side. That the *Tattvic* changes in the world current are "Ghari by Ghari" is my conviction.

With regard to the two currents of *Prana,* it is significant that the period of their flow exactly corresponds with a twelfth of the moon's eccentric orbit, during which period there is a marked change in her elongation, or angular distance from the sun, and this change in the wave vibrations is reflected in the breath. The Tantrists believed the lunar current to be most powerful during the rise of Taurus, Cancer, Virgo, Scorpio, Capricornus, and Pisces; and the solar current to be dominant when Aries, Gemini, Leo, Libra, Sagitarius, and Aquarius are in the ascendant.

To understand this clearly we must grasp the conception of the wheel within wheels,—the ever-present positive and negative forces in every division of every activity down to the infinitesimal molecule. Thus, though the lunar current is negative to the solar, it is itself compounded of positive and negative atoms and has its positive aspect. In no other way can we reconcile the flow of the lunar current southward on the right (the positive) side to the heart, during which time the breath flows from the positive nostril. Therefore, in its effects

and action, or movement, it is the solar current, for it is positively electrified. We are simply to understand that the course of the current through the body is influenced by the direction given to the moon's rays from its position in the heavens.

On the first lunar day—that is, the first day of the "bright fortnight," or moonlight nights—the lunar current is said to flow at the rising of the sun, and during the dark fortnight the solar current comes in first, the currents alternating one after the other as previously described. In spite of this normal order, however, Tantrik philosophy teaches that "It confers groups of good qualities" to cause the negative breath to flow at sunrise and the positive breath at sundown. Any electrician should understand the rationale of this, for it puts the body in a receptive condition towards the terrestrial *Prana,* which is at the maximum of its positive phase at sunrise. If it is the normal condition for the lunar current to come in first during the bright fortnight, we need seek no further reason for its being considered the most fortunate half of the month, especially for women, who are the negative half of humanity.

The most important of the manifestations of *Prana* are five in number, though the Hindu proneness to the ultimate analysis rests not till it enumerates ten of these forces, or so-called *Vayus.* But as the five minor ones are but modifications of the others, signs as it were of their activities, we will confine our examination to those governing organic functions.

The first is the act of breathing, and as this function is the key to the changes of the life-current, it bears the same name and is identified as *Prana. Vayu* is the prevalent *Tattva,* and the right lung is the seat of its positive phase, and the left, of the negative. The pulmonary circulation of blood in the upper *Chakra* (the cavity of the chest) is positive to that in the lower *Chakra* (below the diaphragm), but also arterial blood in both *Chakras,* or systems of circulation, is positive to the negative veins. The capillaries are the *Sushumna* of the vascular system. Thus, again, you find the wheel within wheel.

The second manifestation of *Prana* is *Samana* which governs the processes of digestion and assimilation, carrying the nutrient juices where needed. *Tejas* is the ruling *Tattva,* and the stomach and navel the seats of its positive phase, while the negative phase is active in the duodenum. *Apana,* the third manifestation, governs the excretory functions, in which *Prithivi* predominates; the positive phase working in the long intestine, and the negative, in the kidneys. As *Apana* is said to throw "from inside, out of the system, things which are not needed there," it is reasonable to conclude that the function of *Prithivi* in both skin and lungs is excretory, and that perspiration is also a manifestation of *Apana.*

Vyana, the fourth manifestation, is the seat of *Apas,* and is present all over the body, being that force, which, during life keeps all parts in perfect shape and resists breaking down and disintegration. The fifth is *Udana,* the seat of *Akasha.* It is the power which inclines the life-forces back to the centers—northern or southern—and is regnant therefore in the spine and heart, and also in the throat. A lump in the throat, when the breath catches and almost goes, after a quick run, proclaims the presence of *Udana,* and this manifestation is dangerous. It is evidence of the excess of one current, and if it passes to a certain delicate line beyond the ordinary limit, the opposite current fails to re-act, *Prana* remains in the *Sushumna,* and death results. These are the moments when life hangs by a thread, so delicate is the

balance. To stimulate the opposite current to flow is the need at this critical moment, and probably in most cases it is the positive current which has done the mischief.

Whole books of the Upanishads are devoted to poetical descriptions of these manifestations of *Prana,* imagination revelling in depicting their power. *Prana* is usually described as declaring "itself five-fold" through "unfolding" the various elements, or *Tattvas,* in these several manifestations. There are said to be "five gates to the heart," for the Devas, or senses (remember that every sense corresponds to a special *Tattva* which stimulates its activity), and the heart is the ruler of the sensuous and active organs. The heart receives impressions from the positive *Prana,* and it is the nature of the heart's reflection of these upon which human actions and the work of the world depend. The eastern gate is *Prana,* manifested in "up-breathing." *Apana,* the western gate, is described as down-breathing, and the deity that exists in the earth (in modern phraseology, gravity) is there to support man's *Apana,* ever attracting its activities downwards.

Samana, the northern gate, is described as on-breathing, because it impels the grosser materials of food to the *Apana,* and conveys the finer and more subtle nutriment to the limbs. *Vyana* is the southern gate, and, pervading the blood-*Nadis* is recognized as back-breathing. *Udana* is called the upper gate, and distinguished as out-breathing, being most perceptible in the throat. Now, this upward impulse has its normal beneficent phase, encouraging "growth, lightness and agility," and it is evil only when the currents are unbalanced.

As these manifestations change from one to another the state of *Sushumna* intervenes; therefore, the rays of the *Sushumna* extend all over the body midway between the positive and negative *Nadis,* and are the medium by which the *Prana* passes back and forth from the positive to the negative parts of the body and *vice versa.*

The rule holds good to all eternity that like seeks like. You must think in harmony with the purest vibrations of the external world, if you would reap the benefit of your kinship with all good and all power in the universe. Nothing is impossible to the soul-directed thought; failure is through want of faith, of fixedness of purpose and aim; success is in direct proportion to the unswerving trust of our belief. It is we who fail; never the law! Our very failures testify to that.

CREDENTIAL.

SUSIE M. BEST.

Good luck, sir,
Is pluck, sir,
And effort's sure wages;
It's work, sir,
Not shirk, sir,
Makes masters and pages.

The prize, sir,
Defies, sir,
A Prince unpotential;
True worth sir,
Not birth, sir,
God stamps as credential.

Written for The Nautilus.

The One Thing Needful.

By Margaret Messenger.

After all our speculations, our metaphysical twistings and turnings, after all our fancied exploits into the psychic realm, we are obliged sooner or later to face the absolute necessity of the one thing needful—just one thing. People live, or think they live, and die without it. They have boxed the compass of creeds and morals and have talked about the needful thing with glistening eyes and hands pressed against their aching hearts and still they knew it not. Pitiful, but true, and this is why they suffered so.

The saddest thing about this lack of knowledge is that any hint of the true state of the case is usually resented by those who suffer. They confound the spurious with the real and go on in their ignorance until experience reveals the truth or the chapter closes upon this mortal scene. Of course the awakening work goes on but those who remain behind are not privileged to see it.

To tell the adoring wife that the love which she pours out so lavishly upon her husband and children is not "the pearl of great price," the "one thing needful," is probably to forfeit her friendship and that is not a pleasant or a wise thing to do. But all the same it is true. This sentiment that hurts her and helps her, that raises and depresses, that keeps her in a constant state of anxiety lest something befall the adored one, is a mean, little, no account human imitation of the real thing—a something that she and others call love.

Now Love is not susceptible of being split into fractions nor can it even become hate or indifference; and as long as confession is made that it is impossible to love, like or care for such and such persons, "the kingdom" is not on the route. The travelers may seem very intelligent and may discourse eloquently on mystic, psychic, subconscious and general metaphysical subjects; they can lecture and concentrate and "go into the Silence," but the King of Kings and Lord of Lords has not yet been introduced to their notice. So it comes to pass when the one thing needful has thus been left out, when trouble assails and sickness hurts and weakens, there is absolutely no backing. Fear lest these negative things may bring about a separation, that husband and children may suffer or come down with some dangerous illness make the pain very acute and hard to bear.

Selfishness has no ameliorating points and this so-called affection is without hope, faith or charity. There is nothing that hurts like selfishness and the worst is that it usually takes a long time to discover the cause of the torture.

"Do you mean to say that if I loved more people, I should be healthier and happier?" some one will ask.

"More people" may mean picking and choosing and that cannot be done in Love. Love does not know two-thirds or one-sixth. It is all; the whole sum, or it isn't Love. More people may mean a few more beside the family.

"But my husband was given me by God to love and to cherish. So were my children. I have no time for outsiders to say nothing of the whole world."

"Are you happy?" a wife of this sort was asked under somewhat similar circumstances.

"My husband and I *adore* each other. He is my life and I am his."

"That is a false statement," her companion replied. "Not to put too fine a point upon it, it is a lie. If your hus-

band were to die, where would your life be?"

"Oh! don't speak of such a thing, I implore you," was the excited response. "Sometimes I lie awake half the night worrying about it. You see his health is very delicate. *Do* you know anything that is good for liver complaint?"

From infinity-to-a-bit-of-mortal-mind-gall! It was distressing because of the crucifixional road ahead of this dear little woman, but as the matter stood nothing would fit it but a laugh. The antithesis was so sudden and the ignorance so great. This leads me to say that there are some people who should never have metaphysics fired at them—at least until they have been so beset with trouble that they direct the arrow.

Come to think of it, it takes some time to be sure that God is all and that we understand what is meant even in a small degree by the Divine Mind and the Kingdom of Heaven and loving one's neighbor as oneself. The last sometimes seems more difficult than all the rest. One may occasionally find an exclusive comfort in picturing the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and feel very pious while the performance is going on; but it is quite another thing when the neighbor-loving commandment intrudes itself. This is called an impossibility and so tends to vitiate and throw doubt upon the other commands and promises which the Bible has taught us.

The argument is always the same—"I can only really love my own." "I have no life apart from my family." "Of course I sympathize with the poor and the suffering but there is nothing that I can do beyond a little charity now and then and this is probably worse than nothing."

These dear people are in outer darkness where there is and will continue to be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Families may think they own their own houses or own apartments and their own so-called "flesh and blood." But they literally own nothing of the sort. What is a house? As likely as not, tinder. What is flesh and blood? Precarious—of no account when the breath has left it; in no sense to be depended upon until enlightened. Can flesh and blood be enlightened? The body can be. At least it can be redeemed from sin, sickness and death and the flesh must certainly come in for its share of cleansing or changing.

Now Jesus Christ did not mean that the woman who "adores her husband" and "has all she can do in her own family" should feed and clothe the whole world. Neither did He mean that a woman should give herself up to adoration of a mortal man. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me" and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." These are the commandments. It doesn't make any difference whether your neighbor is dirty or clean, black or white, foreign or native. Bear this in mind that however he may *seem,* he is in essence a spiritual being and your brother.

Much of the misinterpretation which now prevails on this point could be brushed away by judicious instruction. The so-called love which we hear so much about is but a selfish counterfeit, breeding misery instead of happiness, and that is what is the matter in a greater or a lesser degree with all of us.

There is Salvation in the Large Love and sickness and death in the small one. Think about it and decide to work for *The One Thing Needful.*

God is no respecter of persons, only of individuals.

—Purinton

ADELE

Prayer and Arithmetic.

A Serial Story By Eleanor Kirk.

PREFACE.

The wide-spread belief that boys are naturally endowed with more mathematical ability than girls has been a sorrowful stumbling-block to many honest students.

To protest in the name of Truth against this fallacy, as well as to show the helpfulness of prayer, even though the prayer is not answered according to the letter of the appeal, is the object of this endeavor.

So, to the girls all over the world who think because they are not boys, or for any other reason, that they cannot do their sums, this little book is lovingly and hopefully dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAW OF THE ROSES.

Adele, unlike her father, slept in peace all through the night and it was a very bright little girl who responded, "All right, Annie," to the call of the maid at 6.30. There were no problems in her consciousness until five minutes later when springing to her feet she caught sight of the much sorrowed-over arithmetic. Even then she did not feel very much disturbed, though she sought the table with alacrity and commenced to jot down the figures of the first problem.

"No," she told herself after a few moments spent at the work, "I can't do it. I am just as dull as ever. I wonder where God was last night, or whether I am too small for him to bother about. Perhaps it was because I didn't go into the closet. That was my Sunday school lesson the other day. 'When thou prayest enter into the closet and shut the door.' It is *too late* now," and Adele looked into the little apartment where her clothes were neatly hanging, and then proceeded to pack her books for transportation to school. After this she bathed and dressed, ran down stairs and begged the cook for a little before-time breakfast, sped up again to kiss her mother good-bye and started for school at least twenty minutes earlier than usual. She felt that she must see her teacher if possible before the session began, and then she did not care to meet her father or her brother. She bore them no ill-will, though she felt strongly that they had not been kind to her. They could surely have done something. It would have been some comfort had they put an arm about her and shown a little sympathy for her distress. But Adele's chief thought as she traversed the few blocks between home and school, was that she did not feel nearly as unhappy as the circumstances demanded. It did not seem to matter much whether she was promoted or not. This must be an awful state of things, she reflected, but she could not feel awful to save her dear little life. But she must have it out with Miss Harkness, her arithmetic teacher, and after that—well, Adele didn't quite see what.

Miss Harkness was alone in the class room when the child entered.

"Good morning, dear," she said kindly, "what brought you so early?"

"Can you give me a moment or two?" Adele asked.

"Perhaps I can squeeze you out five," was the smiling response.

"Well, Miss Harkness, I want to tell you that I am very sorry indeed for you because I have been so dull, but I cannot help it, indeed I cannot. My mother never could learn arithmetic and I suppose I am just like her—at least she says I am like her—and I have been very unhappy."

At this moment the door opened and a teacher appeared whom Adele did not know but had very much admired.

"Come over here, please," said Miss Harkness to the newcomer, "there is a dear little case here which I think you can deal with much better than I can."

The teacher put out her hand in immediate sympathy and Adele pressed it with the warmth of a grateful soul.

"Adele says her mother was very stupid in arithmetic and she supposes she is just like her," said Miss Harkness to the newcomer.

"Yes," said the child, "and I wanted to tell Miss Harkness that I couldn't blame her one bit for any kind of marks she might give me. She has been very kind to me. You see I was dreadfully worried last night and asked papa to help me. He said it wasn't right and I should have done my worrying a long time ago, and"—

"There is a good deal in that, Adele," interrupted Miss Harkness, who, although in acute sympathy with her favorite pupil felt the need of saying the proper disciplinary word.

"Suppose I take Adele with me for a moment or two," said Miss Eaton. "Perhaps we can make things look a little less gloomy." The classroom was now filling up, and other pupils were impatient for a word with their teacher.

Miss Harkness nodded a smiling assent and the two newly-made friends walked off hand in hand.

"And now, dear, what did you do after your father refused to help you?" Miss Eaton inquired.

"Well, I cried a little while," said Adele with averted face. "Of course, I did not want papa to do anything wrong, but it hurt my feelings all the same, and then—then—Miss Eaton, I prayed. I got down on my knees and prayed as hard as ever I could, and it was just as nice a prayer as I could make, but God was quite like papa—He didn't pay the slightest attention to me."

"What did you ask for, dear?" her companion inquired.

"I asked him to make me get up this morning and do every one of my problems. That wasn't much to ask of God, was it?" the child queried.

This was a very solemn occasion for Miss Eaton. The honesty, intelligence and great longing of the child for good impressed her very strongly. It seemed possible to give her a hint of the true way, the beautiful road where the feet do not stray and the heart is not troubled, but the moments were flying and Adele must shortly go to her room.

"It was a great deal to ask of God," the teacher answered with sweet and careful emphasis, "because it was more than He could do."

"Oh! Miss Eaton!" exclaimed Adele, "more than God could do?"

"Yes, dear, and now listen. Suppose you, knowing that I was very fond of roses wanted to bring me one and you could find nothing but a bud. Then suppose you plucked the lovely little thing growing so sweetly and harmoniously upon its tiny stem and picked its petals apart in order to make a rose. What would you have?"

"Nothing," said Adele promptly, as a new light came into her eyes. "Why, both the bud and the rose would be spoiled. *I* would never do such a thing as that."

"And yet you would expect God to do something very like it," Miss Eaton responded.

The child was silent. This was something she must think out. There was no time to ask questions, but she had found a friend.

"And this little lesson," the teacher added, as they walked to their classrooms, "we will call the law of the roses."

(*To be continued in January Nautilus.*)

A LITTLE PREACHMENT.
By A. Z. Mahorney.

Experience has taught me how to subdue and curtail in myself many enthusiastic impulses that might lead to fanaticism. My philosophy of life is rather based on expediency and opportunism. I am more conservative than during the first years of theoretical experimenting. I am more practical; do what I please but do not make so much fuss about it. The superlative seriousness and tragedy and grandeur have gone from my inner meditations and calculations. I can now watch the glorious drama of life unfold itself day by day and not have hysterics. My emotional nature is a basic laboratory for the manufacture of strength and poise, instead of an unguarded powder-house with mice and matches near. I try to avoid the erratic one-sidedness that comes from concentrating too intently on one idea. I try to observe and study widely enough to interpret the difference between symmetrical, harmonious sanity and the abberations that are called insanity by the authoritative majority. Martyrship and sacrifice do not appeal to me as worth while. If people do not interfere with the life and growth of each other, there is no call for sympathy or appreciation, no deploring the lack of gratitude, no bemoaning the cold-blooded heartlessness of humanity.

In short is it not best to live our own lives quietly and with no theatrical demand for special dispensations of justification? Why not work and think and analyze and compare until we learn to find the solution of each problem as it presents itself to the intelligence? When we can bring the understanding, by simple demand and expectation, to such an intrepretation of all occurrences and circumstances as will lead us to look optimistically into the future, then we have attained serenity. What if "optimism is over-valuing joys and under-estimating sorrows," as a pessimist puts it. I still will be an optimist. I will thus be happy and this is worth while—A. Z. Mahorney.

THE VINDICATION OF THE LAW.
Augustine Warner.

Two years ago there were five jolly little calves at Willowdale.. The Guernsey, Min, was the youngest and so it happened that last fall when we turned in she was the only one of the five left in the yard with the yearlings. She is a big, handsome heifer. But *such* a heifer! She bawled and ran. She ill-treated poor year-old Val. She chased the calves. She threw down the fences and broke the bars. She strammed around the neighborhood where nobody welcomed her. She repelled all my advances to intimacy with a vicious poke of her horns.

Love is the law at Willowdale and love is the fulfilling of the law. But I thought all my theories had gone astray with Min and that peace and love vibrations were figments of a diseased imagination, —or else that Min was. She was a very Ishmael of a heifer and my despair.

But the time came for her to go in and after strenuous effort we succeeded in pushing and coaxing her into her box.

Next morning when I opened her door it was a different heifer that greeted me with up-lifted nose and the soft low that I have learned means "a kind good morrow, friend." She received my petting with a mild gaze of delight instead of a red light of rage in her big eyes. She followed my steps as quiet and orderly a heifer as one could hope to see, and from that morning has been as docile and affectionate as any creature on the place. There is no more bawling, no fence breaking or racing about the neighborhood, no howking of weaker creatures, and she is my devoted admirer.

Evidently, she reasoned, her confreres had stalls to themselves and grain feeds and nobody loved her a bit or she would have the same. If nobody cared for her why she cared for nobody, and she wanted none of my cajoleries. She did not know, poor bossy, how untiring my patience had been. But when she found that she received the same care given the others she is only too glad to be just as good as a clumsy, overgrown heifer possibly can be. So after all the law was vindicated at Willowdale. It needed only to be known to be obeyed.—Augustine Warner.

Men of Destiny and the Cosmic Forces.

By William E. Towne.

At any great crisis in the affairs of a nation, some one man becomes a channel for the expression of the desires, hopes and passions of the multitude, and a great leader, a "man of destiny" is brought forth.

"Men of destiny" differ from other men in that they are responsive to the Cosmic forces around them. They are good conductors through which these forces find expression.

In a sense it is true that opportunity makes genuises. And yet I believe that every "man of destiny" who has done a great work in the world was simply fulfilling a Cosmic law. He was the instrument by which the purposes of the universe were executed.

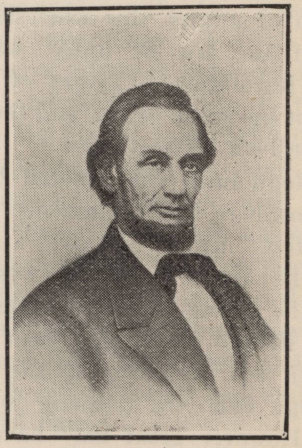
Great leaders always feel that they are "sent of God." They say "not unto us be the credit for our work." They realize that it is the Universal, the Cosmic Life, that works through them.

Whenever the ruling class of any nation becomes so selfish as to lose sight of the great fact of unity, and for long ruthlessly treads upon the rights of the multitude, an undercurrent of Cosmic power is generated which ultimately results in irruption, overthrow and the reestablishment of order. Then it is that leaders spring forth as if by magic, ready to sink themselves in work for the universal good.

Then it is that "men of destiny" are born.

The Cosmic forces sweep down like a whirlwind upon the nation that has violated one of the great laws of the universe—the law of unity—and the people become plastic for a time and sensitive to leadership. Selfishness, likewise for a time, sinks into the background. The nation burns with zeal for the universal good, and its great leaders become the channels through which the national desires find expression and form, as at no other time.

NAPOLEON



LINCOLN

"Men of Destiny."

In the Cosmic crucible ranks are leveled, rich and poor united in degree, and all work for the good of all.

In the world's history I know of noth-

ing which better illustrates the foregoing statements than the French Revolution and the events which preceded and followed it.

Under the reign of the Bourbon kings, the ruling class of France had degenerated into a state of idleness, dissoluteness and unbridled extravagance almost impossible to comprehend. The common people were heavily taxed on every hand to support one of the most corrupt, despotic and luxurious courts in history. "Persons were thrown into prison without even knowing the offence for which they were arrested. The royal decrees were laws."

The natural and logical result of this condition of affairs, this wholesale violation of the law of unity, was the French Revolution. Rivers of blood wiped out the great wrong, and the monarchy received its deathblow.

The Republican tide created by the Revolution bore into prominence one of the greatest "men of destiny," viz., Napoleon Bonaparte. He it was who shaped the course of the republican armies of France when they went forth, fired with zeal, to release all the people of Europe from the despotic reign of kings. However great may have been the natural genius of Napoleon, he could never have led his armies to the great successes which they achieved had not the Cosmic forces fired them with the zeal for liberty and the desire to speed the downfall of the monarchy in other nations besides France.

"She (France) conquered Europe," says Myers, "not by her armies but by her ideas." A large proportion of the people, wherever the armies of France went, greeted them as deliverers.

Napoleon shaped, protected and directed the birth of republicanism in Europe. He was a channel through which the Cosmic forces flowed during the reestablishment of right and justice.

After his great work was accomplished he became selfish, no longer desired solely the highest good of France, but became intoxicated with the personal lust for fame. Like many another genius he tried to use the power which he received from the Cosmic forces for private and individual ends alone, and lo! The tremendous power and energy of the armies of France, which had been poured out like water at his bidding, no longer sufficed to carry him forward to victory. His work was accomplished. The Cosmic scale had shifted. Right now lay in another direction. Napoleon could not adapt himself to the onward march of right. He was too much taken up then with personal ambitions. And so his downfall resulted.

In a very different manner ended the career of another "man of destiny," Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln, like Napoleon, shaped and guided a great movement for human liberty. He was a natural genius, but in his great work he acted as the instrument of the Cosmic forces, brought into action by a great national wrong long continued. When the abolition tide arose, Lincoln became the mouthpiece of the people, the executor of their desires. He alone was the one available and suitable instrument to guide their awakened energies to the accomplishment of the desired result — the freedom of the Southern slaves. He was borne forward on the crest of the wave of power which he was directing, and responded to every demand of leadership. Had he for one instant faltered in his desire to serve the nation and sought instead for his own safety and personal good, the results might have been different.

But he did not falter.

Lincoln the man was swallowed up in the desire to serve the nation, and the nation reaped the benefit.

The tide of Cosmic power found ex-

pression, and the pendelum of right and justice once more swung into place—at least approximately.

And so whenever we find a real "man of destiny" we likewise find a center of Cosmic power, a channel through which flows the universal forces which build and unbuild nations.

The man himself is not the source or creator of this power, but he is the instrument which guides it safely until it regains its own level, its appointed place in the universe.

Briefs.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * When the *Nautilus* artist (who lives in Philadelphia) read what I said about the picture which appeared at the head of this department last month (said picture being of his drawing) the dander riz right up within him. His temperature also riz as nigh unto the boiling point as temperatures *can* rise in Philadelphia (a cold spell usually sets in before they get very far), and he was compelled to go out and deposit his overcoat in the hall. Ten minutes later the overcoat and a new pair of imitation sheepskin gloves were stolen, and up to date they have not been returned, despite the liberal reward of twenty-five cents which our artist immediately offered. The reason he was sitting in the house at this time with his overcoat on was because he was expecting a man to call to whom he owed money, and he wanted to be ready to slip out the back door the moment the man rang the bell.

* * * "Waal," sez he, "I'll draw a picture that that Towne can't object to, by gum," and the result of his efforts is shown at the head of this column.

* * * The apples in this picture are beyond criticism. Likewise the basket. But the trees—who ever knew a farmer to set his apple trees so near together as the two at the left side of the picture? You may have seen someone do it, but he wasn't a farmer. No. He was just a plain dum fool. But perhaps the artist intended these for wild apple trees—"natural fruit." *They* might spring up in any old way.

* * * This picture should carry anyone who has ever lived on a farm straight back to his boyhood days. I can almost smell ripe apples in the damp grass when I look at this picture. I recall the (to me) always pleasant seasons of apple picking, and the years when the trees up "at the old place" (one-half mile from the homestead) used to bear—water-cored sweets, greenings and Amasa apples. These latter were named after my great-grandfather. They were originally wild fruit but he succeeded in taming them, and a fine fruit they made. Very hard, firm, white flesh and exceptionally tough skins they had, and a most delightful flavor.

* * * My! My! How the newspapers do love Willie Hearst—"California Bill," as Hubbard lovingly refers to him. Evidently the Royal Ukase has come down from Headquarters—possibly in the form of a circular letter to the Republican editors of the East—that Willie must be crushed, defeated, wiped off the map at any and all hazards. Otherwise those pillars of the commonwealth, the Trusts, might get some punctures in their pocketbooks through adverse legislation—adverse to Trust interests. But mark my words: The Trusts—owners of that noble animal, the G. O. P.—will have to swallow stronger and more bitter socialistic physic than Willie

Randolph within the next few years, and they might as well begin to compose their stomachs and pocketbooks for the ordeal.

* * * The press of Michigan has been slinging hot shot into the ranks of the Philistines for several months past. You see, Fra Elbertus, chief of the Philistines, was unwise enough, in a moment of weakness, to invite the Michigan State Press Association to visit Roycroft. They came on a special train, a bald-headed, benevolent looking crowd, I trow, well-fed, sleek, with comfortable bay-windows and visions of free entertainment, good meals, plenty of distilled products and a respectful host waiting to do the honors upon their arrival. Well, as fate would have it the date of their arrival had completely slipped the Fra's mind, he's a busy man, and when the hungry crowd from Michigan arrived there was only Mrs. Hubbard to do the honors. And instead of the usual hotel service they found at the inn only plain food, plainly served, and no barroom and cigar stand attachments. The Roycrofter in his native lair is a good feeder, but rather lean and lanky. His taste runs to plain foods. No alcoholic drinks and highly seasoned delicacies are found upon his table, and the man with a big stomach is at a discount. Naturally, all this was a great disappointment to the Michigan gentlemen, and their reports of Roycroft were draped in the somber aura which surrounds a fat man who has just been cheated out of a good dinner. Meanwhile the Fra goes lecturing on his way, rejoicing, doubtless, at the added amount of free advertising accorded to him and his work.

"God is everywhere in his universe, as we are in every place in our bodies.

"Jesus never challenged any one's authority for doing the good they did." —Waldrup.

EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH.

"IF IT IS GOOD FOR YOU." I want to tell you a tale of Concentration. A certain woman wanted a certain man to be her husband. A certain new thoughter told her to concentrate her desires upon this man. The desirer, therefore, concentrated her desires upon the desired man. Then began a curious series of events. She and the man got into a row the very first morning after she "concentrated." Then the woman wanted to be forgiven, and from that day to this she can't get that man cornered and make her plea for pardon. Up to the time she "concentrated" they were the fondest of lovers, almost engaged. Well, since then, for almost five long years, that woman has held the thought and concentrated upon that one desire with a sort of dogged persistence that seems worthy of a better cause—but unavailingly. Tell me why that woman can't get her heart's desire? Don't say, maybe it is not good for her. The power of mind is supposed to be untrammeled by the laws of expediency. Also new thoughters and the Bible both state that faith, concentration or whatever else one is to call it is bound to work out to the desired end, whether it is good for one or not. Much like the story of the little boy who wanted the wasp and who got it, because he simply couldn't be resigned not to get it.

Evidently you, and the "certain woman," and the new thoughter who instructed her, are all laboring under a misapprehension of the basic principle of new thought, which is *individual freedom.* For the woman to "concentrate" upon a certain man marrying her is inimical to her own wishes.

She may concentrate upon *ideal marriage with the right man.* This is her right, for somewhere in the universe is the answer to every desire, and the right condition of faith or expectancy, *conscious or subconscious,* affords the attractive power for bringing together the desire and the desired.

But when this woman seizes upon a certain individual and declares, "*you* are the man I will marry," she invades the rights of that individual.

What do *you* do when somebody says *you must* do a certain thing? You re-

sent it, of course, and if somebody insists you simply *won't* do it, so there—just to show him. That is exactly the state of mind aroused in the man who is "treated" to marry a certain person. He *feels* that she is "dead set" to marry him, and his *instinct of individuality* resents it. He *feels* the bonds she is trying to weave about him, and the "first law of nature," self-preservation, urges him not to allow the bonds.

If she has not in so many words urged him to marry her, he may not know *why* he doesn't want to marry her. He just *doesn't want to, that's all.* He may think ever so much of her; he may even think he *wants* to marry her; and yet Something holds him back. The Something is pure instinct of individuality, roused to resentment of her "you-must—you-will—I want-you" attitude.

This instinct of individuality being stronger than even the mating instinct would keep the two apart even if they were really "soul mates."

And the stronger and more manly the man, the more certainly would the woman's mental interference affect him to the determination *not* to be married in spite of himself. *If* he were *let alone;* if *his* rights were recognized; if *she would not* have him unless he *wanted* her heart and soul; and *if* they were really as well matched as she thinks; he would be eager to marry her.

It is quite possible that the *only* thing which keeps these two people apart is her *mental insistence* that what *she* wants must come, and that he *must* come to want what she does.

So you see, the whole thing resolves itself after all into a matter of what is good *for him,* as well as for her. It is *not* good for him to be domineered over—better no marriage at all. Instinct, intuition, whatever you may call it, prompts him to preserve his freedom even if he has to give up the woman he loves to do it.

OUR HELLS. As for the woman, with her present misunderstanding of life and her persistence, marriage would prove a hell of conflict between two wills. She would keep on trying to dominate the man, which could result only in trouble to both. And in stultification for both. The law of Life is against this marriage. It speaks through his instinct and will, and she would better give him up and "concentrate" on the ideal marriage without being so dead sure this particular man is the ideal bridegroom for her. *If* he is, he will discover it when he *feels* his freedom.

Nearly all, if not all, our defeated purposes and our hells come through this very insistence upon having our own way in spite of everything. Our soul's desire is always right, but *our way* of arriving at the desired end leads often in the very opposite direction. Only by "leaning not unto our own understanding" but in *all* our ways, in all things that come or don't come, acknowledging the *Law of Desire* as the moving power; can we tread the safe path and the straight one in the *desired direction.*

"Not my will but thine be done" is the first principle of success in any line.

The One Principle working in and through us all works for the joy of *every one.* In proportion as we can leave others free to *let* the Principle work through them, do we clear the path by which *our own* comes to us.

Our attempted interference with the Universal Purpose is what delays the accomplishment of our personal purpose. Only as we will *with* the Universal Will can we attain *our soul's desires.*

What *is* your soul's desire but an outcropping of the Universal Desire? *And the whole Universal Will is backing your soul's desire.*

Don't you think the Universal Desire knows better how to gratify itself in you than *you* do? Of course! Where you are short-sighted it is all-wise; where you are puny it is all-power; where you are a speck in a certain spot it is everywhere present. *And always it is backing your soul's desire.*

Then be still—quit insisting —*let* it work out the desires it makes in you. Even when the one *you* think is *the* one turns away from you, acknowledge it as a part of the *Great Will's way of bringing about what it desires in you*—what *you* desire. Smile and be sweet and *attractive,* that you may be ready for the right one who is surely coming. If you sit and sulk and "concentrate" on this one who is attracted somewhere else, you will surely miss seeing the right one when he turns the corner into your street. And *he* will miss seeing *you.* So, in frowning over an imaginary loss you will miss the real gain which was coming your way. All because you thought you knew more about what you want and need than the Universal Will does; all because you imagined you could do with your puny concentration what the Universal Will alone can do—bring together, and hold together the two right souls.

He that would save his soul must first loose it. He that would have his heart's desire *must first lose all the world.* For *in freedom* Desire and Desired find each other without hindrance. And all hindrances are caused by the crossing of human wills, crossing the individual will against the universal.

When it comes to a clash of individual wills the stronger wins, concentration or no concentration. Evidently the "Desired Man's" will is stronger than the woman's. He is not at her mercy, as in the case of the wasp and the little boy. This is perhaps due to his gumption rather than his will—he knew enough to get out of range of her feminine attractive power. He keeps out of temptation.

We can overrule the wills of wasps and of some people—and get hurt for our pains. A Delilah may on occasion overrule a Sampson—and bring the temple about her ears. But *what's the use?* Why insist upon that which brings trouble with it?

By the way, there is a good little story in November *Harper's,* "Nevertheless," by Abby Meguire Roach, which exactly illustrates this attitude of the woman toward the man, showing the effects after marriage. There are thousands of just such tragedies being enacted all over our land, and not many of them end as happily as this, for many people are not bright enough to discover the cause. The men who are weak enough to be married in spite of themselves are not wise enough to take command later with the force and tact "Wilmoth" displayed. And the women who domineer very rarely learn their mistake until too late to profit by it short of a second marriage or a reincarnation.

"GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY."

Here is a letter full of death and wondering about death. The writer has "lost," within a short period of time, her mother, her "dear old friend" and a young boy friend. She is reconciled to the death of the first two because they were "ready and wanted to go." But the boy died "of a gunshot wound and the blundering of a doctor," and he was a bright, good and promising young fellow who ought to have stayed here, she thinks. She can't see that he was "taken away from the evil to come," and she thinks the "ways of Providence *are* past finding out."

I sympathize with her, and with others in like conditions. I know how to sympathize for I, too, have "lost" rela-

tives and friends, both old and young. The old ones were "ready and wanted to go," and for their sake I would not have held them if I could. I could *see* some of the "evil to come" in case they lingered—more pain, more *tired-ness.*

Two of my own little babies died, and my empty arms cried with my broken heart. Afterward my heart mended and I could imagine some of the evils that *might* have come to them, and I was reconciled.

But the most shocking death in my circle of interests was that of a boy of fourteen who died of a toy pistol wound. He was one of the nicest, brightest boys, and I expected him to grow up and do good work in the world. I can't yet *see* what "evil to come" could have been his.

Perhaps his mother guessed—she wrote me afterward that "perhaps it was best; he was such a *masterful* boy, perhaps he could not have borne to be disappointed as everybody is at times."

Yes, perhaps the things common to men might have been greater pain and sorrow to him than to others. Perhaps the "evil to come" was nothing much judged from your standpoint or mine; but from his view-point it might mean very terrible things.

I cannot just see *what* he escaped by dying at fourteen, but I can see that he might have escaped a very great many things that would have disagreed seriously with his constitution and happiness, however they might affect other people.

And *I believe,* and am convinced by analogy, reason and intuition that even a fourteen-year-old or a baby gets what he attracts, and gets death *only* when he attracts it—when he needs it as a door to a higher class in Life's school.

Through death we enter fuller life.

THE MILLENNIUM. In due time we shall do away with death, by doing away with the race-desire for death. We are doing away with death *now,* by so improving this life that we don't grow tired of it so soon. Just wait a bit until we get our shooting irons abolished, our navies converted into voyaging schools, our swords beaten into ploughshares, and see what happens. Why, everybody will *want* to live in a world of arbitration, good will and ground culture. Do away with fighting, hunting, and fisticuffs and our boys will not die of gunshot wounds. In our next incarnations fireworks will be obsolete and tenscore years and four shall man live, and as much longer as he wants to.

Why, death is merely a clever scheme for correcting the world's big mistakes. Professor Larkin seems to think it is a mistake for man to be here at all, as yet; the world isn't ready. So, when Jesus and others come into this not-ready world they get tired and go out again by the Death-door. Maybe they come back again by the Birth-door; maybe they stay in "Summerland," or go somewhere else. Maybe they will all come back when we get ploughshares enough and the earth Burbanks a bit more. Who knows?

IN THE MEANTIME. In the meantime, there are our *thoughts* that keep following our loved ones, no matter where they go or how long they stay. I wouldn't wonder if our thoughts not only follow but *overtake* them. Let's suppose telepathy is a fact, and that our thoughts are received by those of whom we think. Wouldn't it be well to think *peace* and *love* and *encouragement* after the friends who leave us? Don't you suppose that would *help* them to get a good start in the new life they are entering—no matter where they go? And don't you suppose our

heavy thoughts act as *weights* upon them in that new state they are entering? I do. I believe we can *help* our friends get a good start on the "other shore." They might not know it is *our* thought which is helping them on, but they will *feel* the help just the same.

Oh, no, I can't prove this is so. But it is a reasonable, sensible supposition, with a good many *facts* as well as analogies to confirm it, and it will do you good to act upon it, so as to make sure you *are* helping your friends along if it is true.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION. This is the morning after the "first Tuesday in November." Massachusetts re-elected her "safe and sane"—for the railroads, etc.—Governor Guild, republican.

They say Hughes carried New York by 50,000. Possibly all returns are not yet in. If the report is true I am rather sorry. I'd like to have seen "my old college chump" Cal. Bill elected.

Not because I have any great faith in William Randolph Hearst. He is an enigma to me, and I only *wonder* what he would do if elected. Of one thing I am sure—he is either a very great *man* who is really "sincere," or he is a very great fakir. I still feel like the preachers on the fence when Elbert Hubbard wields the hoe.

And I also feel that to elect William Hearst to the New York governorship would give me a chance to find out what he really is made of. As a "trust" he has induced the New York gas companies and a few others to eat dirt. I'd like to see what he would or could do as governor.

No, I'm not at all afraid of the harm he *might* do. He couldn't possibly sell out the people any more consistently and cheaply and repeatedly than other New York governors have. Even if Hearst is the monster of self-seeking and sensationalism represented in the columns of *imitation reading matter* the republicans have been running in all the papers that would print it—at their "regular rates" —even if Hearst is all that these paid-for articles represent him, he *can't* be worse than other recent New York governors. And he might prove better, for he has made a for-the-people reputation that even the most colossal selfishness would prompt him to maintain.

Yes, I'd like to see what Calif. Bill would or could do for New York.

Still, Hughes may make good. He is smart enough to do it, that is sure. Time will prove whether he is *wise* enough and *free* enough to do anything. He can. But *will* he? I am still on the fence with those preachers: "Is he sincere?"

And either way, *all is good.* Only as the individual grows in wisdom and knowledge of politics does he know enough to vote for what he really wants. While he is ignorant he votes for one thing and gets it in the neck—hard. And the harder he gets it the sooner he learns how to vote. So, if Hughes sells out the people this year they *may* know enough to vote for Hearst next time. In the meantime Hearst's New York "People's Lobby" will keep us well informed as to what Hughes does and doesn't and why.

Politics is a great game of blind man's bluff, wherein the minority can fool the majority into anything. But the majority are surely throwing off the blinds. Not much longer can the express companies and railroads and Standard Oils *et al.* continue to be *it.* New thought is surely getting into politics—the new thought of a square deal for every man here and now.

Crooked deals are going out of fashion, though you might not think it if you read the New York *American.*

Anent Books and Things.

—"A Call to Action" is a bright treatise on economics, by one of our old friends, M. Senn, of Lasita, Kansas. Paper, 56 pages, price not given, probably 25 cents.

—"Mountains Removed" is a neat little paper covered book of 62 pages, on self-culture and self-mastery, by William Porter Townsend, Sarversville, Pa. Price, 30 cents.

—"The Art of Remembering" is a helpful little book by Rev. Chas. A. Hall. Sixty pages, paper, price 15 cents. L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, London.

—"Creation by Thinking" is an attractive, new volume of 165 pages by C. R. Tuttle of 321 Schofield bldg., Cleveland, Ohio. Cloth bound, price $1.00. A bright and instructive book.

—"Helsan" is a new book on drugless healing written in the Swedish language, by Abram Scharffenberg. Published by Progress Book Company, Box 653, St. Paul, Minn., 120 pages, cloth, price $1.00.

—"An Old Maid's Diary" is a little red cloth and gold volume by Mattie Corey, published by The Balance Pub. Co., Denver, Col., price 75 cents. A unique little book, with entertaining new views of life.

—"Yin Chih Weu" means "The Tract of the Quiet Way." It is a translation from the Chinese by Suzuki and Dr. Paul Carus. Artistically bound in blue dragon tails and things, 43 pages, no price given. Open Court Pub. Co., Chicago.

—"Character, or The Power of Principles," by Frank H. Randall, is the latest of the many interesting and instructive new thought books published by L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E. C., London. Bound in cloth, 163 pages, price $1.00.

—We are in receipt of a package of dainty water color things from Miss Durell, 5715 Madison ave., Chicago, for which we return our cordial thanks. There are lovely illuminated, hand lettered mottoes, calendars and sachets pretty enough for a queen.

—"From Poverty to Power, or The Realization of Prosperity and Peace," is one of those fine books by James Allen, one of the best of the English new thought writers, and editor of *The Light of Reason.* This edition is made by The Science Press, Chicago. Nicely printed and bound, 201 pages, price, $1.00.

—Baba Bharati is an East Indian who has come over here to convert the heathen American to his gospel of being. Here is a picture of him—plump, bright, turbaned, gowned, with three rows of beads around his neck, decorating the cover of Vol. I, No. 1, of *The Light of India,* of which he is editor. And for which he has written, "Jim, a Romance of India." He lives in that new thought Mecca, Los Angeles, Cal., 730 West 16th street.

—Dr. Parkyn has sold *Suggestion* to H. E. Hodges, Astro Pub. Co., Detroit, Mich., and Elmer Ellsworth Carey has severed his connection as editor. Henceforth the magazine will be known as *The Stellar Ray,* published from Detroit. It is to contain all the features of the old publication, with a new department devoted to "astral science," as taught by Mr. Hodges. We feel lost without the old *Suggestion!* But we'll welcome the new one, first number of which will be for December.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox's beautiful poems which have apepared in *Nautilus* in the last two years, along with a long poem on "Realization," which has not been printed in our pages, have been made into a beautiful little book, that will charm her friends and admirers. There is a fine half-tone of the poet with autograph. The poems constitute some of Mrs. Wilcox's best work, and the volume itself will grace any library. Bound in heavy Old Stratford paper covers, printed in two colors, price, 50 cents. Copies made up in our new *Nautilus Bindery,* special style, most beautiful colors of ooze calf leather and silk, a few copies signed by the editor, for $2.00 each. Order at this office.

—"Samantha vs. Josiah" is the latest of those inimitable "Josiah Allen's Wife" books, written by Marietta Holley, who never was married in her life. How in the world she found out all the ins and outs of marital thinking is a mystery her readers have never solved. This new book shows Josiah still more faithfully—with a borrowed automobile; with his "Someway Saloon," patterned after the New York one Bishop Potter helped launch; lecturing Samantha on the "subjectin' mind"; and in a hundred other exploits, common to the male fraternity. Besides oceans of fun there is plenty of common sense and a goodly sprinkling of new thought and many quaint illustrations in this latest book of Miss Holley's. Published by Funk and Wagnalls, New York; 395 pages; price $1.50.

—Floyd B. Wilson's friends will rejoice to know we are bringing out a new book of his, uniform in style and price with his "Paths to Power" and "Man Limitless." *"Through Silence to Realization,"* is the new book. It contains Mr. Wilson's fine series of articles printed last year in *Nautilus.* These have been revised and added to, making a fine volume of two hundred or so pages, bound in silk cloth. Price, $1.00 postpaid. Send orders direct to Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass. Mr. Wilson is one of the most scholarly and lucid exponents of New Thought and his new book will attract wide attention. Hon. George D. Meiklejohn says of him: *"You have blazed the pathway that leads to a realm where Nature's forces can be harnessed by her children. A treasury of energies sleeping through ignorance of the laws of atomic vibrations, is unlocked by your book."*

See our special Christmas offer, page 1. And our great clubbing offers, page 67.

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department. *Conducted by the Editor.*

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send $5.00 in money in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.

—EDITOR.

Letter No. 42.

In the summer of 1904, I thought the time had arrived for the building of our contemplated home in a university town, so our child could have a better education, but my husband would constantly say wait until next year. But he had said the same for many years, so I knew I had to do something myself and not talk too much about it. I had to be at Denver early in October, so I got him to agree to let me drive our horse and buggy as far as Boulder. I had always helped all I could on the ranch but it was hard, for my strength was not sufficient unto the work. But that summer work was a pleasure for I worked everything on New Thought principle, keeping the words, "God is my sufficiency in all work and my will in all ways," constantly before my mind and I was not worn to a state of exhaustion when I came into the house at night to prepare supper. Haying was slow that summer on account of rains and city visitors, so it was late in September when we started (my eleven year old son and I) on our three or four days' trip across the great Rocky Mountain Divide. I had prepared everything so as to make our expenses on the road as light as possible, for I knew that every dollar was needed if I wanted to start to build, and only forty dollars had I been able to lay aside *secretly* during the last two years for just that purpose.

But I left it all with God knowing that He will find a way, if I do my part faithfully, and to build was really necessary, as it should be done. I did not worry about such an undertaking but watched my horse and buggy closely so no carelessness on my part should cause delay, and made nearly fifty miles the first day. We arrived at Boulder the evening of the third day, rather enjoying our trip, and the money outlay only one-third that of the train. Although none of us had ever been in that part of the country we did not drive one step out of the way.

Just three weeks later we harnessed our little trustable horse for our return trip. I had put the child to school (for every little helps in that as well as every other line), attended to my Denver business, subjected my house plans to an architect and then gave it to several contractors to figure on it. During that time I with my own hands cleared the building spot of wild plum brushes (do not think it was easy but it had to be done), preserved fruit to take home and gave every child and woman in the neighborhood a free buggy ride. After the papers for the building had been signed we left for home, and although we encountered two small storms on the range, having to sleep out in one with only a buggy robe for covering and the oat sack for a foot warmer, while our seat cushion served as a pillow, we did not lose courage and arrived home in as good a spirit and health as we had left.

When my husband heard that I had let the contract he was very angry, but when he saw the house three months later he said it was the best work I had done yet, and let me say had I waited until the next year the same building would have cost us from one-fourth to one-third more than it did then.—Emilie L. Tremblaz, Dillon, Col.

Letter No. 43.

"The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth—the earthly part of me—keep silence before Him!"

The above is the opening sentence of a book of quotations made during several years of reading "New Thought" literature.

The book contains extracts from the writings of Emerson, Vivekananda, Prentice Mulford, Emelie Cady, Ralph Waldo Trine, Elizabeth and William Towne, Frances Hailey, Horatio Dresser, Charles Fillmore, the contributors to *Nautilus* and *Unity* and other periodicals.

When desiring to enter "the silence," or talk

to myself, I consult my book and never fail of a helpful thought or the message I desire.

If ruffled in temper as will sometimes occur when things do not *appear* to be going harmoniously, I am reminded of an instruction given many years ago by a lovely character, a Jesuit priest, "Sing a verse of a hymn; you cannot fail to overcome anger."

One verse of an old song, the only verse I remember, is my remedy for anxiety or depression.

"Now we will sing and banish melancholy,
Trouble *may* come, we'll do the best we can
To drive care away, for grieving is our folly,
'Put your shoulder to the wheel' is our motto
for every man."

This has my hearty endorsement as an exorcism for the "blue devils."

I am just begining to live, and am learning to write, "Elean-ora, don't say can't," on everything.—Eleanora.

Letter No. 44.

The "Something that makes for success," to me defines itself.

Be that success.

This *"being"* is the only success there is, either financially, mentally, physically or spiritually.

Person, as rendered in the Bible, and defined as in the original, means something to sound through. Then sound success, and be sure that you are sound in your sounding.

"The song is to the singer and comes back *most* to him." Success, is to the one that understands *what real success* is, and in that same ratio that he knows, it expresses for him. —L. Edna Martin.

Letter No. 45.

Two years ago I found myself in a very tight corner indeed. My mother was lying on her deathbed with no one to look to in any way but myself. I had to combine the office of general domestic, nurse and wage earner all in one. The illness had been long and costly, and I could not afford to hire help. I was teaching but in an adjoining house, and just ran in every now and then to see my patient, and whatever sleep I got was in her room, but the sleep was very uncertain as some nights she suffered so much I had to be up most of the time, and some nights never lay down at all. Things were bad enough when I was well, but one day all seemed up with me. A sore throat to which I was subject if my feet got damp came on, and in a couple of hours was so bad, that a large lump was observable on the outside. (The previous attack had confined me to bed for ten days.) The doctor called during the evening and examined the throat. He said it looked as bad as well could be for the time and advised drugs. Knowing from former experiences what that meant—sickness that would make keeping up utterly impossible —I told him the cure would be worse than the disease and absolutely refused to take the vile stuff. The doctor very displeased with my stiffness left, after predicting that the throat would suppurate before the morning. The sickness was already stealing over me when my patient fell asleep, and left to myself I faced the new trouble with a heavy heart, and asked, "What shall I do? Oh what shall I do?" In answer to my prayer for guidance, I distinctly heard the one word *Breathe,* as if spoken over my shoulder. Regarding it as an inspiration, I carried my chair to the outside door, and sitting down in the portico in the full draught on a February evening started off with vigorous breathing, inhaling through the nostrils, and directing the current right through the lump. I kept this up with pauses for rest for three-quarters of an hour. Long before this a glow of heat over the whole body rewarded me, and on getting up tired and somewhat dizzy the throat was somewhat easier, and it was possible to hold my head straight. My patient still slept and throwing myself down on a sofa I dozed off for twenty or thirty minutes. Hearing her stirring, I woke up and ran to her, the throat so well that I forgot all about it till she asked me how it was.

At that time I knew nothing of scientific breathing, but since then have experimented along these lines. Now if an attack of sore throat threatens, a ten minutes' exercise is sufficient to banish it.

The breaking up of that sore throat at that particular time was to me a glorious success. —Narcissus.

The prize letter for November was No. 38, by Alice T. Cutts, Silver Cliff, Col. Will Alice receive our blessings and let us know where to send her two subscriptions? Letter No. 36 received a number of votes, Mary Ella Manning. And our Paragon voted for Letter 35, by "Rachel," who learned the great lesson of non-resistance.

See Our Special Christmas Offer, Page 1.

If, when chickens come home to roost, they would only keep off the front fence!
—Purinton.

The Way the Wind Blows

Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all wafting that way. If you are not TOO BUSY you can see such indications all about you every day. And every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that show it! Here are a few the editor and some of our friends have culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews, etc. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other Straws that show the way the Clean Winds blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.

"Good for Mrs. Clarence H. Mackey. As a member of the school board of Roslyn, L. I., she has gotten whipping abolished in the public schools."—*Holyoke Transcript.*

"Another Carnegie institution to be opened in Pittsburg this fall is the Margaret Morrison Carnegie school for women named after the iron master's good Scotch mother, and designed as an institution for the technical training of housekeepers and home makers and for women destined to become self-supporting in the trades and other occupations."—*Holyoke Transcript.*

"A committee of the British House of Lords has been appointed to consider what alterations in the law are needed to prevent the sale of tobacco and cigarettes to children under a fixed age. This is one of the many efforts making in England to correct the tendency to physicial deterioration in the growing race, which was alarmingly noted in a parliamentary report published a year or so ago. A sure way to develop a race of weaklings is to give tobacco and tea and coffee to young children."—*Youth's Companion.*

"After many years of agitation Congress has passed and the President has signed a pure food law. Its enforcement will prevent the sale of imitations as the real thing, a form of misrepresentation which in many cases is little short of robbery. There are scores of adulterated and misbranded goods on the market, and if the law is only enforced, it will protect the people from a multitude of shams from which they are powerless to protect themselves."—*Quoted.*

"A movement of great political significance has been started by the managers of both political parties in Indiana. In five counties of the state the party leaders have signed agreements not to spend one dollar for the purchase of votes in the coming election. Moreover, no man known to be purchaseable, or who is not recognized as a party man, is to be employed about the party headquarters or in taking the party poll. For this necessary work both parties have agreed to pay the same wages, and neither is to employ any man to whom the other party objects on the score of his bad character. This is a sensible and simply way of purifying politics at its source."—*Youth's Companion.*

"Germany is the leader of the world in education. Not content with the best common-school system, the best industrial schools and the best universities, the Prussian minister of commerce is co-operating with the municipal authorities of Frankfort-on-Main in establishing an institution in that city to increase the skill of men who are already master workmen in their craft. This school offers special instruction to carpenters, locksmiths, upholsterers and tailors. It is part of the systematic effort in Germany not only to convert laborers to skilled workmen, but to raise the standard of intelligence and efficiency in the various trades."—*Quoted.*

"What an excellent service a well-organized and wisely managed labor union may perform has been illustrated by the action of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. Some switchmen in the employ of a railroad company in New England struck in violation of a contract they had made with the company. When the attention of the Brotherhood was called to the circumstances, the second vice-president notified the strikers, who were also members of the Brotherhood, that they must go back to work until they had fulfilled the terms of their contract that unless they did so, the Brotherhood would feel obliged, for the sake of its own honor, to fill their places with trustworthy men."—*Youth's Companion.*

"While, in point of population, Oregon stands well down towards the foot of the states of the Union, in Prison Reform it is near the head. Since the establishment of the prison there has been a total of something over 5,300 prisoners received, and today the number in confinement is under 350, or but little more than one-half of one per cent of the population of the state. After the preliminaries of a prisoner's reception have been disposed of, he is given a friendly talk by the Deputy Warden and a copy of the rules governing the prison. He is closely questioned as to his usual occupation and mode of living, from which an estimate is formed of his capacity, and so far as is practicable, he is given an occupation similar to the one he is accustomed to. The discipline is uniform and unvarying, and a man's career depends entirely upon his own efforts and good sense. If he is industrious and his conduct exemplary, he will be the recipient of all the privileges allowable. On the other hand, should he attempt to shirk his duties, and show a disposition to assist in the prison management, he is apt to encounter a rocky road. Upon his release, the discharged prisoner is invited to call upon the local representative of the Prisoners' Aid Society, and is made to feel that there is still someone left on earth who believes in him and is interested in his welfare. After a careful discussion of the situation, if it is deemed advisable for him to go to friends in some distant part of the country, transportation is provided and he is given a hearty Godspeed on his journey. If it is thought best for him to remain in the state, employment is found and every opportunity afforded him to begin life anew."—*Lend-a-Hand.* (Published in the prison, Salem, Or.)

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION.
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-products and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of The Nautilus. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

D. L.—Yes, indeed! The secret of "living down" a "mistake" or "sin" is to *forgive yourself* and forget it, and *let* others think as they please. Other people will catch your vibrations in due time and forget it too. Whatsoever you can forgive yourself you will find already forgiven in heaven and among men. Regret nothing that you can't help. You learned by the experience, and you wouldn't have done it at all if you had known then what you do now. So quit being sorry or ashamed and put your thought energy into doing your best *now*. Don't "tell the world" *anything* of your errors! If you need to confess something to one you have wronged, do so. And make reparation to the best of your ability, and *if possible* get his forgiveness. Make the rest of your confession to the God within you. *"Break off thy sins by rightness,"* not by shouting them from the housetops. Make amends, and do right *now*. *Get right with yourself.* Think well of yourself and others. Time will do the rest.

H. W.—Our housekeeper made a delicious mince pie the other day, without meat or lard. The crust was made with cottolene and konut, half and half. Konut alone makes tough crust, but the two together are as good as butter. Her recipe for mince meat reads as follows: One pound seeded raisins, one pound seedless raisins, one pound currants, one-fourth pound citron, one-fourth pound candied lemon peel, one-fourth pound candied orange peel, six large apples, six ounces of finest beef suet, one large lemon, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, nutmeg and ground cloves, one small cup of boiled cider, one and one-half cups of granulated sugar. Chop suet, apples, raisins, citron, lemon and orange very fine, grate yellow rind of lemon. Mix all the ingredients dry, add the cider and lemon juice, cook till the apple is quite done, about one-half hour, and it is ready for use. So after all there is beef suet in it! Yes, but you can substitute butter. The mince meat is *the best* I ever ate.

G. H. T.—If you had been born blind, and had demanded that I tell you just what sight *is*, what the results of seeing, and *how* to see, I could answer it about as readily. You are *in* the silence now. *Get still* enough and you will realize it. To get still just *practise;* and keep on practising. Nobody can do it for you. As to the results of going into the silence—all desirable things come out of the silence into the noise. Wisdom, love, joy, power, inventions, bright ideas, all are waiting in the silence for whomsoever *seeks until he finds.* Yes, to get into conscious silence all thoughts must be stilled. You can still them only after much practice. You cannot become "conscious of the source of every wandering thought that flits into your mind," any more than you can become conscious of the life-history of every man that passes your office door. Why should you care to know the source? To get into the silence you don't *follow* every passing thought; you *ignore* it, until finally you don't notice them at all. *Then* you are conscious of the silence. The silence is *God,* and the mode of getting there is prayer. True heart's-desire prayer. "Ye must be born again" into silence, through much trying.

G. H. T.—Desires *must* be realized sometime, somewhere. All nature, reason and *desire itself* go to prove it. Reincarnation gives us a chance to realize what we have failed to find in the life before. This is one reason why I believe in reincarnation.

I. C.—The mode of healing is always the same, whether it is a case of headache or "sensitive teeth"—*"believe and ye shall receive."* Speak the Word of sound teeth, and *believe* it. In due time the sensitiveness will disappear. You can help yourself by any method which improves your "general health" —by eating plain foods and chewing them *very* thoroughly; by plenty of full breathing of *outdoor* air; plenty of active exercise; letting starchy foods alone, etc.; and by thinking *the truth.*

R. H. B.—I wonder if you live up to your no-breakfast principle *every* day. Or if you lapse once in a while. If so, it would account for your being chilly on winter mornings, even after three years' no-breakfast practice. The system must become adjusted to a habit, and if your habit is not regular the system is easily thrown out of tune. But even so, the morning chilliness can be dissipated by taking a few moments of vigorous, physical exercise the first thing in the morning, with full breathing of *outdoor* air. The exercises should be taken before dressing in the morning, and with open windows. Get yourself into a glow with them. Then dress and drink a cup of hot water. If three months of this practice doesn't rid you of the chilliness I shall be greatly surprised. If it does not, you might then resort to the cocoa. But it *will,* I am sure. And the exercising and breathing will make you positive to more things than chilliness.

New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER BERRY.

The principle or having the soup as an introduction to dinner is that the gastric juices may be enticed into the stomach and thus give more fitting welcome to the solid foods which follow, but, where this original theory is carried into practice the soup should be a mild or thin, rather light one; or, if a nourishing, substantial soup, the dinner following should be planned to balance it in food value and quantity—not make it top-heavy. A soup may properly be made the principal part of a luncheon or supper—because it may so easily be made to contain all or almost all of the necessary elements of nourishment required by the body. The working classes of Europe very frequently also have soup as their principal dinner dish.

During the winter season soup should be frequent food; soups with sufficient heat in fuel value as well as in temperature; of sufficient nourishment either of themselves or with adjuncts. Of all of Count Rumford's clever, varied, and successful experiments in feeding the poor of Bavaria over a hundred years ago, none is more interesting than his manufacture of soups for the "vicious beggars" of the country. This American soldier-scientist-diplomat, head of the Bavarian army and wise-man-at large, used soup as the chief means of reclaiming these vagabonds, knowing that physical hunger was the immediate cause of their vicious nature, as it and other types of hunger lay for generations back as the foundation cause, and believing that to first and *at once* make them happy and comfortable would give him the means of reaching ultimately, and *then* teaching their higher natures. And the soups which formed both the physical and moral basis of his missionary enterprise were and still are of value from more than one standpoint.

To quote Baron Rumford's own words, he "constantly found that the richness or the quality of a soup depended more upon a proper choice of ingredients, and a proper management of the fire in the combination of these ingredients, than upon the quantity of solid nutrious matter employed;—much more upon the art and skill of the cook than upon the sum laid out in the market." While at first the soups contained a certain amount of meat, this was gradually omitted, and not only was its absence unnoticed by the consumers but the soups were found to be quite as nourishing as those made with flesh foods. These compounds were of the nature of porridge rather than of soup—though soups they were, and the principal one recommended was composed chiefly of barley and beans; equal measures and almost equal weights. To this combination was added salt, and either a certain proportion of vinegar or soured beer which aided not only in varying the flavor, on the principle that we add various sauces (and in as proportionately slight quantity) but assisted the cooking in dissolving the cellulose of the beans or peas. These soups were cooked slowly for at least three hours—which is the chief secret of their success, and, being nourishing to start with, could not fail to be rendered digestible as well as savory by the long process. This we often forget, grow impatient and do not give time sufficient to bring out the best of the soups we ourselves manufacture.

In connection with soups we should keep vegetables in mind continually, and not throw away the water in which they are cooked, as the water contains potash salts of value given out from the vegetables. Only potatoes in some stages and asparagus may be excepted from this rule. With this basis, forming with vegetables what corresponds to a meat stock, infinite variety may be made.

BREAKFAST.

Banana and Fig Toast.
Coffee with Whipped Egg.

LUNCHEON FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Cottage Cheese Balls. Prune Pudding.

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Clear Vegetable Soup. Saltines. Scalloped Mushrooms and Nuts. Cranberries in Jelly or Sauce. Baked Tomatoes with Herbs. Grated Parsnip. Sweet Potato in Ramekins.
Fruit Salad with Chestnut Sauce. Mint Jelly
Cherry Ice. Candied Ginger.
English Plum Cake.
German Christmas Cakes. Coffee.

SUPPER.

Fruit. Egg Nog. Plain Cookies.

Breakfast: Make toast of thin slices of Boston brown bread. Pour over it banana mashed with cream, and on each piece lay a stewed fig. Beat well an egg and whip into hot milk. Into this pour two tablespoons of black coffee or cereal beverage as liked.

Luncheon: Cottage Cheese Balls: See Cottage cheese in May *Nautilus.* Make the cheese out into balls as large as tomatoes and serve each on a bed of parsley.

Prune Gelatine Pudding: Soak a pint of prunes twenty-four hours after washing well and simmer slowly till tender (unbroken). As far as possible use the prune juice in connection with a plain lemon or orange gelatine. Pour the gelatine over the prunes (in layers) and let harden. Serve with a simple fruit sauce or cream.

Dinner: Clear Vegetable Soup: Use a cup each of tomato or tomato juice and chopped celery tops, one chopped onion, a carrot, a bay leaf, a tablespoon of barley, and the juice of a lemon. Any vegetable left-overs may be added to this. Simmer all several hours in two quarts of water—cold when put on. Add the lemon juice at the last with salt and pepper, strain and serve.

Scalloped Mushrooms with Nuts: Place a layer of cracker crumbs in the bottom of a bak-

ing dish, then a layer of nut meats and one of mushrooms, alternating till dish is nearly full. Season and pour over this a pint of hot milk. (Add more milk if necessary.) Sprinkle nut-meats with fine cracker crumbs on top with bits of butter, and bake till brown. Serve with the cranberry sauce or jelly.

Grated Parsnips: Grate (after peeling or scraping) and cook in very little boiling water, in double boiler. When tender drain, add tablespoon of butter, a little salt, pepper and minced parsley.

Tomatoes with Herbs: Select the whole canned (or preferably, fresh) tomatoes and scoop out the centers. Mix the part removed with a tablespoon each of minced parsley, onion and bread crumbs, a clove for each tomato (to be placed on top just before baking), a little lemon juice and celery seed. Fill centers, sprinkling crumbs on top; put in cloves and bake till brown.

Sweet Potatoes in Ramekins: Use the pulp of baked potatoes if possible as preferable to those boiled; mash soft with a little butter and milk; add salt, pepper and a tablespoon of sherry. Beat up the whites of two eggs till stiff and mix slightly with the potato pulp. Sprinkle grated cheese on top and bake till brown.

Fruit Salad: Slice thin with silver knife bananas and pears. Shred oranges or pomelos and cut fine and thin (crosswise) a dozen kumquats. Mix lightly together and place on each dainty heap on the salad plates a spoonful of boiled chestnut pulp thinned with whipped cream. (See October Salad.) Sprinkle a few drops of lemon juice over this or a few drops of some fruit cordial and serve.

Mint Jelly: Pour one cup of boiling water over washed mint leaves and steep, covered, for forty minutes. Have soaking a half cup of cold water, a half cup of gelatine. Make a syrup of a cup each of sugar and water and when thick add the gelatine and the juice of a lemon, stirring till smooth. Strain off the water from the mint and add to the mixture. Pour into square molds and let cool. When ready to serve add mint leaves as a garnish. (There are good and pure vegetable colorings on the market, and if the color is not decided enough add some of the green coloring to make the jelly attractive.)

Cherry or Currant Ice: To each quart of water add a pound of sugar and cook till five minutes beyond simmering point. It is safe to allow also the juice of a lemon to each quart unless the fruit used is very tart. Plain preserved cherries may be used, or maraschino or currant juice substituted to make the deep toned red of the ice. Use a pint of strong fruit juice to each quart of syrup. The flavor must be regulated by one's own taste in the matter. Serve in tall glassses with a sprig of holly on each.

English Plum Cake: One pound of flour, four ounces each of dripping (or butter), Sultana raisins and currants, six ounces of sugar, two ounces candied peel; two eggs, a scant half pint of milk, two teaspoons baking powder, one ounce lump sugar, grated rind one lemon.

Put lump sugar in a saucepan and burn it brown. Pour in milk and stir till it is colored, then strain and let cool. Put flour in a basin, rub dripping lightly into it, add Sultanas and the rest of the dry ingredients, mix in the eggs (well beaten) and the milk. Put in greased tins with paper and bake nearly two hours.

Klein's Gebouk: Little German Christmas Cakes: One-half pound each of butter, flour and sugar; yolks of six eggs; dessertspoon of grated lemon peel, one-fourth pound coarse-chopped sweet almonds. Mix these together thoroughly and set in cool place half an hour. Roll out, brush over with white of egg and cut into fancy shapes. Bake in rather quick oven.

Supper: Egg Nog: Beat up an egg for each person; place in glass, fill up with hot or cold milk, add sugar to taste and sprinkle grated nutmeg on top.

Prof. Larkin's Conundrum.

By THE EDITOR AND OTHERS.

Professor Larkin's "Did Man Appear Too Soon," in September *Nautilus,* has elicited a number of bright replies. Evidently most of the new thought friends will not admit anything *could* happen out of place! I agree. And I surmise our Professor Larkin does too! He wrote from the scientific standpoint.

I believe the earth never would have been ready if man had delayed much longer his coming. It is he who must subdue the earth and make it ready. He must take the rough material and make of it what pleases the god in him. Read Professor Larkin's "Irrigation Congress" article in December *Nautilus,* and you will see one way in which man is making his home ready. Why, without man the earth would be right where it was when he stepped onto the scene. He gets his best good not in stepping into a ready-made home, but in *making* his home ready.

Here are four of our readers' answers to Professor Larkin's conundrum, all we have room for:

Did man appear too soon?

Let us answer no, and maintain our cardinal doctrine of "All is good;" that everything that has ever happened to us, was the best that *could* have happened at that time and place. This is fundamental: and if it isn't true, then the New Thought structure tumbles to pieces. Are we to believe that God, or law, or "Infinite and eternal energy," or whatever you please to call it doesn't know how to create the world?

If the catastrophes that have seemingly destroyed man, prove that he came too early, then his time is not yet come as recent occurrences

clearly show. We have supposed that obstacles, even calamities were for our education and unfoldment; and to bring the man and the catastrophe together, was a good working policy. Suppose it *did* wipe him off the face of the earth. He could (probably did) get up and come back; we may suppose better qualified, to continue his task of *subduing the earth.*

If his coming had been deferred until Mother Earth was too old and dead to kick, he never would have come at all; for there would have been no object—no good in his coming.

The place of the Infinite seems to be to make *use* of man in his work of creating the world; and are we to believe that he didn't know when to put him on the job?

As for myself, I think this is a splendid age in which to live in the world, and I am awfully glad that I was not lost in some horrible hullabaloo of the past, but am duly present for duty. Yet if there has ever been a time, when things were ever so much more strenuous, a regular seething, howling, perfect *hell* of a time, I feel that I should like to have been there, too; and—well there is *some* comfort in the thought, that maybe I *was* there.—Henry Barber, Merriam, Kan.

Did man appear before his home was ready?" This conundrum I saw in the September *Nautilus*, and a new one it was to me, but easy. Certainly he did not. His home was ready for him years before his advent, the home Nature provided for all her animal output, where he had as good a right as any other of the animal kingdom, and maintained that right.

Home? Why, he had the earth and the fullness thereof to the extent of his wants; a home of vast proportions, with suites upon suites of apartments, forests and jungles, mountains and valleys, caves and broad pampa, and, though not enjoying all modern improvements, had running water on every hand, and various fruits to live upon, than which there is no better diet, also his home, being of vast extent, affords him the choice of climates, with no expenditure save that of leg power.

Home! Why, it was all furnished and ready for him on his arrival, and he might have lived in it till now, as he did then, if he hadn't got the "big head" and struck out for luxuries of all sorts, including automobiles and forty horse power diamonds, oh, and one hundred dollar shoes! forgetting that he once went barefoot.

Now this is the true and only true answer to the above conundrum, but I waive all claim to the best answer in favor of him or her who thinks he or she knows better about it than I do.—H. P. Cheever.

"Did man appear before his home was ready?"

Most certainly he did.

Man's mission on earth is to find happiness through experience, the only way it can be found.

"Home" building, all that pertains to it, is the most interesting, hence happy experience, it is possible to have.

The forms of Nature, God, prepared the place, the conditions needed, but made ready no home, evolved man that man might prepare a home, and man has always been working at it, has not and never will have it "ready."

Could it be supposed that man's "home" "was ready," was complete, perfect, with nothing left to be desired, man's life would stagnate.

True we, man, wish that our home was more nearly ready, but, fortunately as our home evolves toward perfection, our ideal of home evolves also, leaving us ever our increased source of interest.

So far, the ideal of man as an image, sees home as something pertaining to a few individuals, the few that make the so-called family, a few of us have evolved a universal home, where all shall be one happy, harmonious, loving family. That appears so desirable that no ideals beyond that have arisen to consciousness, yet, but when that shall have been achieved greater yet will follow.

However, perception, now has reached its highest in universal human love, which is synonymous with one all inclusive earthly home.—G. W. Soule, Mary Esther, Fla.

I am an old nautical *Nautilus* man, and I want to take a hack in my blunt way at the question, Did man appear before his home was ready? I say before all hands, no! He was ready and his home was ready. His home was the little body evolved from downright gross matter, at last capable to respond to expression of mind as described so well by our good professor. And it was mind evolving matter, not matter producing a rudimentary mind. Mind you!—All is spirit: Involution begins, spirit descends and becomes chaos, matter and all states and things as the professor so well has pictured in his splendid article, just as if he had been there, and I can see it all myself as well. Matter returns to its source, and there is a turning point. Plant life begins. The moral is there, working as it were blindly by the original impulse upwards, evolution has begun: It works out further, into the plant animals. Then into the animal form, the amoeba, a higher order through which volition can be manifested, all rudimentary of course. Then perfecting, complicating its many vehicles of expression until man proper is at last reached,and oh! Even he is marching on, on, on.

Now then, here we have causes and effects in proper order. It was thereby impossible to have delayed the first appearance of the manifestation of mind to a later geological period. Don't you see it had to come at the critical point? Yes, hence man, who is mind, and man's form afterwards came neither too late or too soon, but just as he must on account of the order of things and immutable law. There could be no chance, there is no such thing anyhow. All is order, effect follows cause, effects making other causes and other effects. What we call chance is only a far off effect brought in by some unseen cause. Some call it destiny. I call it Karma for short. The only way it could have been differently done, would be by a slightly different impulse at the beginning of all things.—Captain O. K. Kramer, Brookhaven, L. I., N. Y.